HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT is issued gratuitously with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ANOTHER CIRCULAR.

IN the winter of 1821, Governor DE WITT CLINTON, of New York, sent a message to the Legislature charging that certain Custom-house officers and postmasters, as an "organized and disciplined corps," have interfered in the election in the State, and violated the purity and independence of the local government. In speaking of General SWIFT, the Surveyor of the Port, the Governor said that his "situation, connections, education, and political principles" left no doubt "that he had previously ascertained the sense of his political superiors, and that he was instructed to act accordingly." Governor CLINTON spoke of the appointment of a postmaster at Poughkeepsie as indicating "an understanding and co-operation between a department at least at Washington and a political party in this State." He called upon the people to resist "these alarming attempts" to interfere with elections, declaring that "the suffrages of the citizen should not be biassed by the emoluments and honors of the officer, and that he should not carry into the elections any of the influence derived from his official position." These remarks of one of the great Governors and politicians of New York show his clear perception of the outrage of official interference with elections—a point upon which, twenty years before, President JEFFERSON had desired Secretary GALLATIN to warn all subordinate officers. That the evil, however, was comparatively new in Governor CLINTON'S time is shown by the fact that in the investigation which followed his message the Surveyor stated that the "political sentiments" of his subordinates "have been indifferent and unknown to me," and the inspectors, weighers, gaugers, measurers, etc., to the number of sixty-eight, stated of the Surveyor that until the Governor's message they were "entirely ignorant of his political principles." The whole story shows that the great abuses which are familiar to us were then only beginning.

The partisan prostitution of the service under recent Republican administrations is well known. The system of enforced contributions was most vigorous, and the Custom-house and Post-office in New York were the head-quarters of the political activity of the administration party. Undoubtedly it was generally anticipated that such outrages, if not remedied, would not be countenanced by President CLEVELAND, and that the views and purposes of the Administration upon the subject would be made known beyond question. This anticipation was not fulfilled in the instances of the District Attorneys BENTON and STONE, nor, so far as we are aware, in the case of any other of the public officers who have defied the President's circular of July 14, 1886. The consequences of this apparent indifference appeared in the notorious MAYNARD and BENEDICT circular, and in a circular which has been issued to postmasters in Wisconsin, a copy of which is published in the Chicago *Tribune*, as follows:

"DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

"OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

"ELLIS B. USHER, La Crosse, *Chairman.*
"JOHN E. WRIGHT, Baraboo, *Secretary.*
"FRANK R. FALK, Milwaukee, *Treasurer.*

"BARABOO, WISCONSIN, *February* 17, 1888.

"DEAR SIR" [evidently a postmaster],—"I send you by this mail ten copies of the *President's Message*, which you will distribute to the voting *patrons of your office.*

"These documents are all printed in English. You will direct them only to those who are able to read in that language.

"The Hon. T. R. HUDD, M.C. *from Wisconsin, has franked these envelops; no postage will be charged on them, and all that you are asked to do is to direct them.*

"As a further favor I ask that you write on the back of this letter the names of those to whom you send them, and return the same (in the enclosed stamped and addressed envelop) to this office; and should you think it advisable that other patrons at your office should receive copies of the Message, you will add their names to the list, and we will direct and send them from here.

"I regret that it is necessary to put on you the labor asked for, but indulge the hope that it will be promptly done; and you may rest assured that such favor will neither be asked of you again nor be forgotten by me.

"If you know the politics and age of the patrons to whom you send these documents, and will indicate the same on the list which you will put on the back of this sheet, this will add greatly to its value to me. Sincerely yours, JOHN E. WRIGHT,

"*Secretary Democratic State Central Committee.*"

Here is the Democratic State Committee of Wisconsin directing officers of the United States to serve as the electioneering agents of a party. The coercion of the officers is precisely what it was under the assessment circulars of the Republican Congressional committee signed by Mr. EUGENE HALE. Such practices are what Governor CLINTON stigmatized as "alarming attempts upon the purity and independence" of the government. It is quite right that the Democratic State Committee of Wisconsin should circulate the President's Message by its own agents and at its own expense. But the attempt to compel public officers to use the facilities of their positions to do this work under terror of removal—for that is the coercion—is a disgrace to the party and to American politics. It is an old offence which is not peculiar to the Democratic party. The small rural post-offices, as a noted Republican politician in New York frankly declared, were the local head-quarters of Republican politics throughout the State. We exposed and denounced the wrong then, and we expose and denounce the same wrong now. Wisconsin is the State of Mr. VILAS, the late Postmaster-General. If he had administered the Post-office in accordance with the public declarations of the President upon the subject, or if the President had publicly taken notice of the disregard of his declarations and warnings, neither the MAYNARD and BENEDICT circular nor the circular of the Wisconsin Democratic Committee would have been issued. Office-holders would have understood that "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

UNIFORM STATE LEGISLATION.

THE bill introduced into the Legislature of New York by Mr. VAN COTT for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States is a very important bill and a very interesting suggestion. The passage of the bill is recommended by many of the most eminent lawyers in the city of New York, of all political opinions, whose opinion must necessarily have great weight with the Legislature. The general scheme contemplates the appointment by the Governor and Senate of three unpaid commissioners, to serve for two years, and to consider and report upon the expediency of inviting a conference of all the States to prepare and recommend uniform laws concerning marriage, divorce, insolvency, etc.—subjects upon which uniformity of legislation is exceedingly desirable. This desirability has been long evident, and it has been often regretted that the Constitution had not conferred upon Congress authority to deal, for instance, with so fundamental a subject as divorce. Amendments to the Constitution covering such questions have been proposed. But the tendency toward centralization, which is stimulated by national progress and prosperity and by the ever-deepening sentiment of nationality, may be wisely watched and regulated.

The VAN COTT bill happily proposes to attain a desirable result, not by increasing this tendency, but by an appeal to the local authority. No one need recall the helpless appeals of the old Confederation as an argument against this course. The Confederation had no power whatever for the most vital objects. The Union has ample authority for every essential purpose. The proposed provisions of uniform legislation are for convenience; they are not vital. It is inconvenient and impolitic that a couple who cannot be divorced in New York or Massachusetts should find that Indiana will release them. But if Indiana should decide that it is not for her advantage to agree upon divorce legislation with other States, the present situation can continue without other than the present detriment. The novelty of the VAN COTT suggestion lies in its respect for State authority. Instead of proposing to reach the result indirectly by amending the Constitution—a procedure which should be always avoided as long as possible—it seeks friendly conference for State action. Uniformity of legislation could be readily secured under the theory that the power to provide for the general welfare is a power to do whatever Congress may think desirable—a proposition which is ably exposed and refuted in General HAWLEY'S late speech upon the BLAIR bill. But this is not sound constitutional doctrine, and nothing is more expedient than the fostering of wise respect for local authority.

There can hardly be any serious objection to such a bill as Mr. VAN COTT has introduced. But as it proposes nothing but the public benefit, and as there is no private or political advantage to be gained by it, it is one of the bills which are in danger of being regarded with languid indifference by legislators. The bill, if adopted, will put nobody "in a hole," but it will be very acceptable to the country; for public opinion always desires to avoid a conflict of laws upon subjects of such importance, and equally demands simple legislation whenever it is practicable. The commission, if appointed, would report to the Legislature at the next session, submitting its recommendations, and the Legislature would then decide upon the conference, should it be proposed. Petitions from other parts of the State of the same weight as that from the city of New York would command the attention of the Legislature. It is in this form:

"*To the Legislature of the State of New York:*

"The undersigned respectfully represent that they approve of the bill hereto attached, entitled 'An act to provide for the appointment of commissioners for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States,' and that they are desirous to have it become a law."

If the Legislature of New York should pass the CROSBY license bill and a wise ballot bill and the VAN COTT uniform legislation bill, it would have done the State excellent service.

REDUCTION OF FORCE AT THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE order of the Secretary of the Treasury to reduce the expenses at the New York Custom-house, to conform to the amount of the appropriation, was made necessary by the conduct of the House of Representatives. If loss, inconvenience, and obstruction of the public business should ensue, it is not the Secretary's fault nor desire. In his annual report to Congress he stated the whole situation. It is in brief this: that the permanent appropriation which was made in 1871 provides an annual fund of $5,500,000, in addition to a sum then received from customs fines, penalties, fees, etc., amounting to nearly two millions of dollars. After seventeen years this latter sum has fallen off nearly one million of dollars, while the customs transactions have increased by 66 per cent. The Secretary held that annual appropriations would be preferable to such a system. But if this permanent annual appropriation should be continued, at least a sum of seven millions should be appropriated, and the receipts from fines, penalties, fees, etc., should be covered into the Treasury. This is the situation, stated in the briefest terms. It could be relieved at once by a joint resolution of the two Houses. The Secretary stated it plainly; but no adequate provision has been made, and he has therefore requested the Collector to proceed accordingly. The general course pursued seems to have been to spare the public all inconvenience possible by reducing the force employed in what may be called the internal work of the Custom-house, leaving that with which the public is concerned as much untouched as practicable.

Every such opportunity of dismissal may be, of course, abused by selecting only political opponents of the Administration for removal. But this would create a scandal, which could be of no benefit to the Collector's party. The moral of the matter is the folly of a penny-wise, pound-foolish economy. It is, in fact, not economy, but extravagance. It is acknowledged that necessary work must be suspended, and as the suspension neither removes the necessity of the work nor prevents its constant accumulation, it is merely a wasteful postponement at a time when the Treasury is overflowing with money, and the most pressing problem of the hour is a method of reducing the surplus. It is a false economy, because nothing is permanently saved or gained; and the supposed political advantage to be derived from a supposed reduction of expenditure is lost upon a simple statement of the facts, and recoils upon those who attempt the imposition upon the public. Members of Congress who pose as watch-dogs of the Treasury often subject the country both to inconvenience and extravagance by an untimely and unintelligent prevention of necessary expenditures. Sooner or later the money must be paid, and the people pay it.

The cost of maintaining an efficient and adequate customs service is very large, very much larger now than it was seventeen years ago, because there is very much more to be done. The application of economy to the service is to be made effective, not by an arbitrary reduction of expense, but by increasing official efficiency. In the degree that the Custom-house is made an asylum and retreat of the "henchmen" of party politicians, and that men are retained and discharged by personal influence and not by the record of service, will the service be at once extravagant and inefficient. To secure the most effective and economical service, the Custom-house must be taken out of politics and made a business institution. Twenty years ago, at the opening of every political campaign, a file of stump-speakers issued from the Custom-house and marched through the State, while the campaign was directed from the Custom-house parlors, and the great body of clerks undertook active political duty in their various neighborhoods. This is an illustration of a political Custom-house. But such a system is neither economical nor efficient, because the officers under it are not selected for competency, but for party service, and because, while such a system continues,

methods of business will not be intelligently revised. The work which the negligence of the House has now suspended still remains to be done, and it must yet be paid for.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICESHIP.

THE most important nomination that the President can make is that of Chief-Justice of the United States. It will be difficult, as the London *Times* says, to select a magistrate so universally acceptable in his great place as the late Chief-Justice. Dignified, modest, urbane, of unsullied character, and of excellent legal accomplishment, he had in the highest sense the judicial temperament and the clearest comprehension of the proprieties of his position. This was shown most strikingly by the manner in which he held himself wholly aloof from political and partisan association, controversy, or inclination. His immediate predecessors, CHASE and TANEY, had been active party leaders, and neither of them upon the bench could divest himself of the old interests and sympathies. But the atmosphere of the judicial chamber was never more free from party passions and influences and ambitions than during the term of Chief-Justice WAITE. The great body of the justices were Republicans, but the court by its opinions in various cases practically decided that in the essential contention between ANDREW JOHNSON and the Republican party the Republican party was wrong. The court has happily maintained the general constitutional view taken by Senator HAWLEY in his late speech upon the BLAIR bill, and its action as a court of Republican judges has been of great service to the Republican party and to the country.

There has been some foolish talk to the effect that the Senate may decline to act upon any nomination of a Chief-Justice that the President may submit. Such a course would be a very grave offence, of which the country would take notice. The conduct of the Republican Senate of New York in refusing to act upon the Governor's Quarantine nominations last year was a plain violation of constitutional duty, which deepened the feeling of the decadence of the party. Assumption of a Senatorial power practically to nullify a constitutional requirement is a public wrong for which the party responsible for it will be held to account by the people. Refusal of the Senate, for a party reason, to act upon a nomination for the Chief-Justiceship of the United States would be certainly of no advantage to the party, nor do we suppose that eminent lawyers and statesmen like Senators EVARTS and EDMUNDS and HOAR would entertain such a proposition.

The President undoubtedly will select for the nomination a lawyer of spotless character and of ample legal accomplishment and ability. It is not necessary, although very desirable, that he should be a man of national reputation. The late Chief-Justice when he was nominated was very little known to the country, and although he had been one of the counsel of the United States at Geneva, he did not take a prominent part in the proceedings. But the admirable fitness of the appointment was soon evident, and it was more agreeable because the nominations of Mr. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS and CALEB CUSHING were, under the circumstances at that time, grotesque and even alarming, as showing a singular misapprehension of the gravity of the appointment. It is an appointment in which the President might most properly disregard party and political considerations, except so far as to consider vehement and unscrupulous partisanship on any side as a fatal disqualification. The sole object should be to name the man who by age, health, character, ability, and temperament is most fitted to fill the august office of Chief-Justice of the United States.

MR. CHITTENDEN'S GIFT TO YALE.

MR. S. B. CHITTENDEN'S noble gift to Yale University of a library building, the memorial of a beloved daughter, is another illustration of wise beneficence. It will be one of the largest structures of the kind in the country, accommodating three hundred thousand volumes, with reading-rooms and other apartments. The distribution of space for a great library is an art which has made great advances. To secure plenty of light, economy of space, and convenience in handling the books, and to save them from undue exposure to heat, the old arrangements have been largely superseded.

The space in the library will be arranged in lofts about sixteen feet high, which will be filled with bookcases about eight feet high, so that every book can be reached without climbing, and at the same time will be preserved from excessive heat. The reading-room offers an opportunity for tasteful treatment, which Messrs. CADY & Co., the architects, will undoubtedly improve. The exterior will be of a light sandstone in the Romanesque style, and the whole structure will be completely fire-proof, the roof, walls, floors, and partitions, by Mr. CHITTENDEN'S wish, being of iron and masonry.

While this private benefaction secures to the Yale Library a fitting habitation, the State of New York is asked to provide in the new Capitol suitable accommodations for the State Library of about one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, the largest and most important of State libraries in the country. This collection is at present not only not properly shelved, but it is partly piled and stored to its great injury. An appropriation has been asked by the trustees in order to secure the library as soon as possible from further exposure and detriment, and it is hoped that the Legislature will authorize the immediate prosecution of the necessary work, under such conditions as will secure for the library every advantage of arrangement which is now known to library experts. The character and value of the collection, and its possible usefulness to the State, need only to be known to the Legislature to induce a prompt and adequate appropriation.

IN REPLY TO A SCURRILOUS SUGGESTION.

As has been already announced in these columns, portraits of the leading Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination will be given in the WEEKLY. Two have already appeared, those of Senator ALLISON and Judge GRESHAM, and a third, that of General HARRISON, will be given in our next number. The text accompanying these pictures will be, as has been that already published, as careful and accurate a presentation as can be given within a limited space of the public career of each candidate. We naturally presumed that no one would attribute the publication of this series to any other prompting than that which dictates the selection of all matter for the columns of this journal—a desire to meet the requirements of its large and intelligent body of readers. We took it for granted that no one could be so foolish as to suppose that these portraits and sketches were published in response to any request from the candidates themselves, or from those who have the direction of their canvass; and the previous character of this house and of all publications issuing from it certainly gave us reason to believe that not even the ingenuity of malice could suggest that the portraits were paid for by an assessment levied on those who are their subjects. As it is, further, extremely improbable that men who are discussed as Republican candidates for the Presidency should be ignorant enough to regard the reading columns of the WEEKLY as for sale, it will be understood how impossible it seemed to us that the character of our enterprise should be misapprehended.

It seems that we were, to some extent, mistaken. It has occurred to a writer in the editorial columns of the Chicago *Times* to hint in the following terms that the pages of this journal devoted to illustrations can be bought:

> "A portrait of Senator WILLIAM B. ALLISON fills the entire first page of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the current week. We have heard it said that it costs money for a politician to have his portrait printed in this journal of civilization. At any rate, we remember when a certain gentleman now living in Chicago was elected Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, a man who claimed to be an agent of HARPER'S WEEKLY offered to print a small portrait of him for $50. Is Senator ALLISON really buying a little boom?"

We have addressed to the editor of the Chicago *Times* a request for the name of the person who is here represented as dishonestly trading on the reputation of HARPER & BROTHERS, and the influence of HARPER'S WEEKLY. When we have his name, we can promise it all the publicity required to make it useless for any further attempt to extort money on false pretences, and to deter others from engaging in any similar enterprise, to our detriment at least.

THE NEW YORK HIGH LICENSE BILL.

THE New York Assembly has passed the high license bill after reducing the minimum fee for liquor license from $500 to $300 and the maximum from $2000 to $1000, upon the motion of a Democrat. This concession was thought to be necessary by the Republicans in order to secure votes enough to pass the bill. But although Mr. BAGLEY, the mover of the amendment, voted for the bill as amended, the bill passed by the constitutional number of Republican votes. Of the 66 affirmative votes 1 was Democratic, and of the 61 negative votes 6 were Republican. The whole number of Assemblymen is 128, and upon this question 127 of them voted.

The bill now goes to the Senate, where it will undoubtedly pass, and it will then be laid before the Governor. The vote shows that his veto would kill it. If it should become law by his approval, the liquor interest would hold him responsible, and his political prospects are now so obscure that he would hardly be willing to alienate so important a support. The probability is, therefore, that he will veto the bill. But his objections to the act of last year were so carefully considered and avoided in the preparation of the present bill that the Governor will have to allege new reasons for withholding his approval.

The result is a victory for the anti-saloon sentiment in the Republican party and for public order. It will, of course, displease a large element of the party. But it is impossible for a party which was organized upon one issue to take a positive position upon others of great importance without disturbing the vote. The Republican party was at first neither distinctively a high protectionist nor a temperance party. The process of adjustment to new questions is naturally difficult. But the only wise way is to learn of the old Republican spirit, which was that of courage and conviction. The trouble, however, is obvious. It is that a party never pursues a purpose which it takes up with the same ardor that it advances the object for which it was formed. On the other hand, the action of the Democratic Assemblymen in solidly opposing this fair high license bill shows the unmistakable drift of the Democratic party upon the question.

AN AMUSING ERROR.

IN lately considering the MAYNARD and BENEDICT circular, we condemned it in the plainest terms as a gross abuse of official position and of the civil service, and we stated that the insult to the President was made more pronounced by the fact that among the documents which the issuers of the circular proposed to circulate was the speech of Senator HALE, which was intended to prove the President false to his pledges. Thereupon the Rochester *Post-Express* remarks, with amusing severity, that our chief complaint against the proceeding is not that the service is to be prostituted, but only that it is to be prostituted to the injury of the President, and suggests that we had better prove the speech to be false, instead of objecting to its circulation.

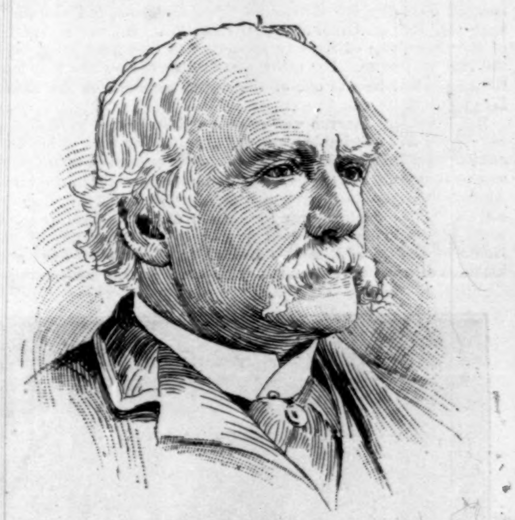
To such a pleasantly comatose condition of mind argument, of course, is not adapted. But we may remind the Rochester *Post-Express* that in commenting upon Mr. HALE'S speech, instead of denouncing it as false, we stated that seven months ago we had called attention to the same facts and figures cited by Mr. HALE. We do not object, therefore, to the circulation of his speech. The insult of Messrs. MAYNARD and BENEDICT to the President lay in the defiance of his warning against the political activity of office-holders, and the insult was aggravated because the object of the activity was to discredit his deliberate declarations.

A little reflection in a happier moment than that of its comment will show the *Post-Express* that we treated the subject not as supporters of the President, but as friends of reform, and our criticism of Mr. HALE'S speech was that he treated it, not as a friend of reform, but as a partisan opponent of the President.

PERSONAL.

MR. NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, formerly literary and musical editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and recently somewhat known as a translator of TOLSTOÏ and VALDÉS, began on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 3d of April, a course of six lectures on Russian literature at the beautiful new theatre of the Berkeley Lyceum, 17 West Forty-fourth Street. The lectures occur on successive Tuesdays and Thursdays. The subjects are: "Early Russian Literature," "Gogol the Father of Realism," "The Literary Children of Gogol," "Tourguénief as Man and Poet," "Tolstoï's Autobiography," and "Russian Poetry and Drama." Mr. DOLE gave a similar course last year in Philadelphia and other places.

—FELIX OCTAVIUS CARR DARLEY, who was born in Philadelphia in 1822, and who died on Tuesday, March 27, at Claymont, Delaware, was known all over the United States as an artist of distinguished merit, and his name is familiar as the illustrator of WASHINGTON IRVING. When a lad, DARLEY evinced artistic tendencies, which were shown in caricature. His first humorous sketches appeared in the early numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He became an accomplished draughtsman, and found full employment in illustrating the works of IRVING, COOPER, SIMMS, LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, and DICKENS. During the civil war he caught the martial



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

spirit of the day, and produced "Dahlgren's Charge at Fredericksburg" and "Sherman's March to the Sea." His first outline-work, following the style of FLAXMAN and RETZSCH, was the illustration of JUDD'S novel of *Margaret*. After this followed IRVING'S *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow*. Perhaps on these two works, more than anything, FELIX DARLEY'S fame will rest. After the war DARLEY went abroad, and his picture of "The Cavalry Charge at Fredericksburg" was at the Paris Salon of 1867. Mr. DARLEY became a member of the Academy of Design in 1852, and was one of the early members of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors.

—Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, the British physician attending the sick German Emperor, has received lots of bad treatment in Berlin. Threatening letters deluge him, and for his safety's sake he has had to be surrounded by detectives all the time. Berlin street walls were lately covered with cartoons representing him in a diabolical guise, an inscription beneath saying, "The murderer of our Emperor." This has awakened enough ill feeling in British breasts to prompt some hot-headed talks of a boycott against eminent German doctors settled in London.

—General ALFRED H. TERRY applies to the War Department to authorize his retirement on the score of bad health. General TERRY has lately bought one of the handsomest houses in New Haven, the town where much of his youth was spent. The old soldier has ambitions for ease in these last years of his well-spent life.

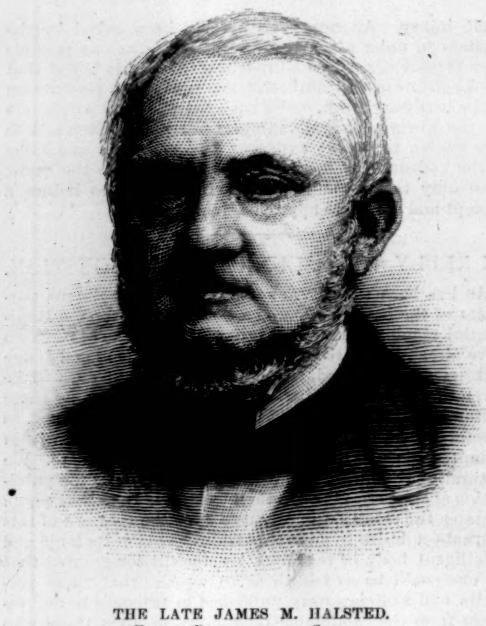
—S. V. WHITE, the Wall Street broker, who was elected to Congress last year, is already aweary of the tasks of statesmanship, and he is out in a letter saying that he doesn't want to be elected any more. A new man has no chance in Washington, he says.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S first versifying was a valentine of four lines, "when," as he describes it, "I was just big enough to reach the top of the table where I wrote." Mr. RILEY adds that out of generosity to himself he has forgotten what those four lines were.

—Chief ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is experiencing a new sensation. In the ranks of his own organization there is an outcry against him; he is too slow-going, too conservative, say hot-heads demanding violent onslaughts against Western railroads whose engineers are on strike. The memory of MARTIN IRONS at East St. Louis seems all to have faded out.

—An entertaining tale from the north woods of Wisconsin relates that R. C. JOPP, a school-teacher, being pursued by wolves, was so closely pressed that he had to throw away much of his clothing to make time. Even the wild beasts were right at his heels, and destruction seemed but a moment lagging, when of a sudden School-master JOPP recalled the fact that hanging by a string at his waist was a tin horn he had been carrying for sport. He raised it and blew; the wolves came to a sudden halt. He blew again; they retreated. Then he hastened away anew, and those wolves kept up their chase, stopping only at the blasts of that tin horn, till he safely reached his destination. This has been an excellent season for rubber-band history.

THE LATE WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 246.]



THE LATE JAMES M. HALSTED.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

THE LATE JOSEPH W. DREXEL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

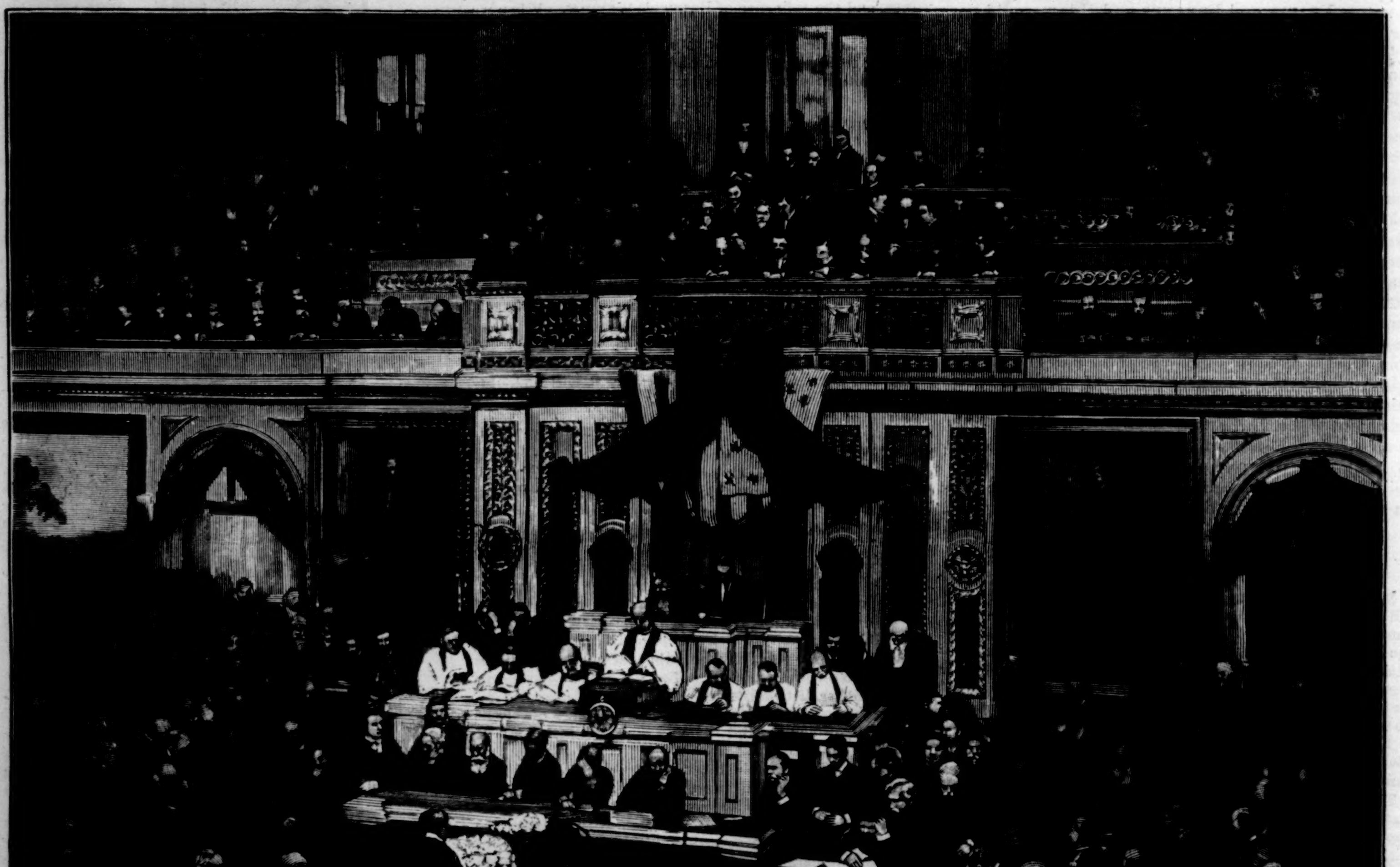
A MERCHANT AND A PHILANTHROPIST.

JAMES M. HALSTED, prominently associated with various business interests in this city, and well known as a Christian philanthropist, died March 22d, after a short illness, at his home on West Seventeenth Street. He was born in Newton, New Jersey, May 5, 1808, and when fifteen years old came to New York to become a clerk in the dry-goods firm of HALSTED, HAINES, & Co., to the head of which he afterward rose. In 1855 he retired from business, but two years later accepted the presidency of the American Fire-insurance Company. At the time of his death he still held this place, and was also a director of the Equitable Life-insurance Company, the Mercantile Trust Company, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Coal Company. He was a member of the Committee of Seventy appointed to free New York from the rule of TWEED. For many years he served on the Board of Education, and he was one of the earlier members of the Union League Club.

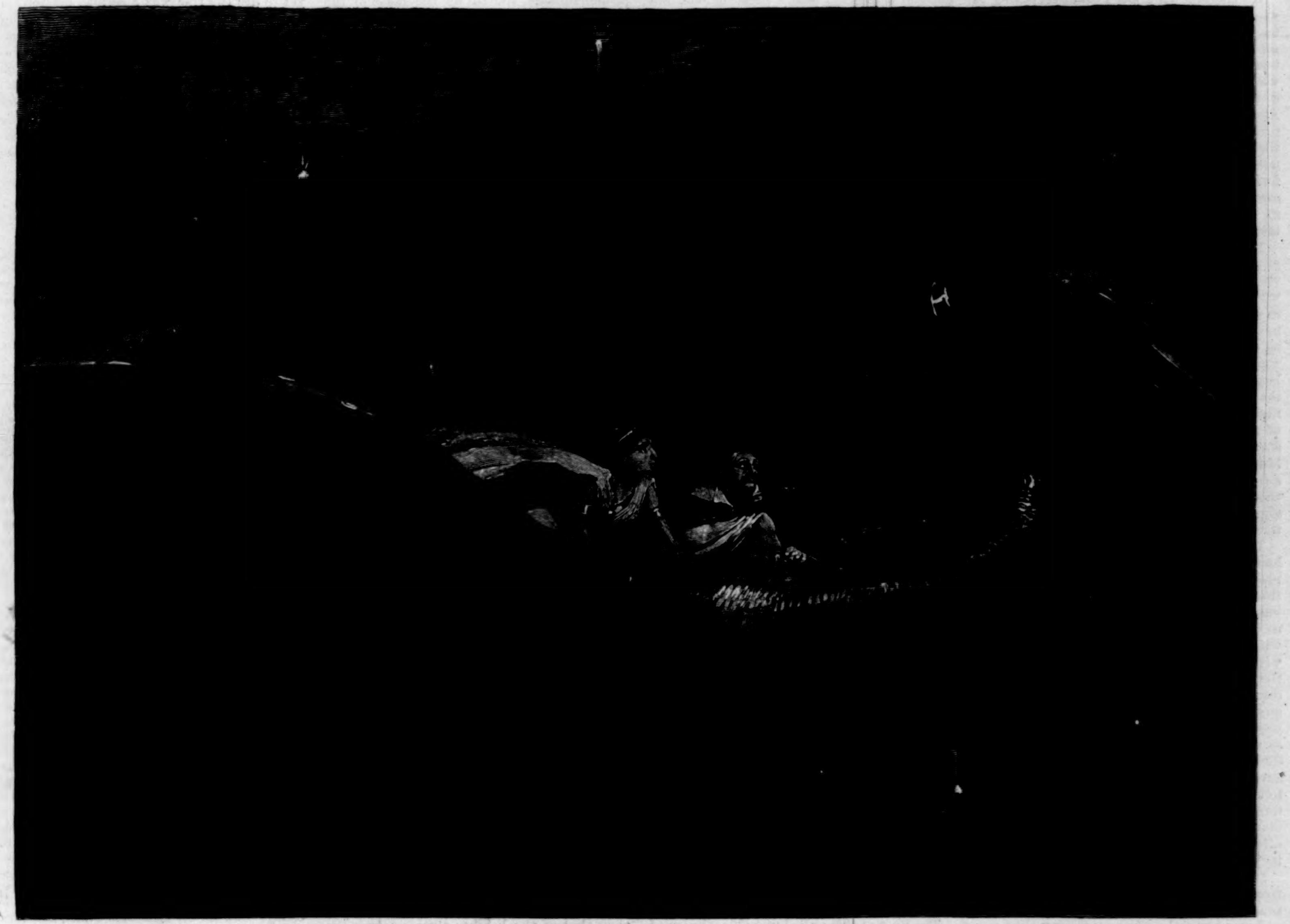
But while Mr. HALSTED won success and leadership in business, his church and charitable work was a prominent part of his life. Simple, kind, and consistent, he was always interested where good was to be done. For thirty-five years he was an elder in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of which Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL is pastor, and his association with the church extended back to 1829, when it was in its down-town quarters. As a manager of the House of Refuge at Randall's Island, Mr. HALSTED's fidelity and kindness of heart were particularly shown. To this institution he devoted much time and thought during the past thirty years, and as the head of the Committee of Instruction he planned for, encouraged, and guided the boy and girl inmates, leaving a personal impress on many who have since risen to places of trust and even of distinction.

FUNERAL OF THE CHIEF-JUSTICE.

THE funeral of Chief-Justice WAITE was held in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington. It was the most important religious function that had been celebrated at the Capitol since the burial of GARFIELD. The hall was filled to overflowing. The Speaker called the House to order at half past eleven. After the usual opening prayer there was a suspension of business. The front rows of seats were vacated by the members. They were to be occupied by Senators. At 11.40 the Senators entered, and the members of the House rose to receive them. Senator INGALLS, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, took a chair at the desk and on the right of the Speaker. In the space back of the members' seats were chairs which were filled by friends of the Representatives. Among these were ladies, whose dresses added color to the scene. The space in front of the Clerk's desk was reserved for the President and his cabinet and the cortége. In the main body of the hall were the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, the judges of the Court of Claims and of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the District Commissioners, the members of the diplomatic corps, the officers of the United States Supreme Court and of the Department of Justice, and members of the bar of the Supreme Court. These did not come in bodies, but singly and not announced. While the official people were crowding the floor, the galleries were filling up. Among those who looked down upon the impressive scene were Mrs. CLEVELAND and many of the ladies of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps. The President and the cabinet were announced at five minutes before twelve, and all who were in the hall rose to receive them. Following the President and his cabinet came General SHERIDAN in full uniform. Then came through the draped main entrance the Congressional committee, each member wearing a white sash fastened at the shoulder by a black and white rosette. Following the committee walked Bishop PARET, of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland, reciting the preliminary psalter of the burial service of his Church. Then came the coffin, borne by employés of the Supreme Court, followed by the honorary pall-bearers, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, in their black silk robes. When the coffin had been placed on the bier, Bishop PARET, assisted by a choir, continued the service. When that was finished, the coffin was carried to the main door of the Capitol, down the broad steps, between the lines formed by the police, the officiating clergymen, and the members of the Congressional committee, to the hearse. Thence it was taken to the depot, and the dead Chief-Justice was carried to his home in Toledo, which he had quitted twenty-four years ago to assume the duties which he literally laid down with his life.



THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



"WITH ONE HAND I CLUNG TO THE STIFF MANE OF THE MONSTER; WITH THE OTHER I HELD ALMAH."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

THE FLYING MONSTER.

NO sooner had I found myself actually on the back of the athaleb than all fear left me. I perceived fully how completely tame he was, and how docile. The reins attached to his wings could be pulled with the greatest ease, just as one would pull the tiller-ropes of a boat. "Familiarity breeds contempt;" and now, since the first terror had passed away, I felt perfect confidence, and under the encouragement of Layelah I had become like some rustic in a menagerie, who at first is terrified by the sight of the elephant, but soon gains courage enough to mount upon his back. With my new-found courage and presence of mind I listened most attentively to all of Layelah's explanations, and watched most closely the construction and fastening of the harness; for the thought had occurred to me that this athaleb might be of avail in another way—that if I did not fly with Layelah, I might fly with Almah. This thought was only of a vague and shadowy character—a dim suggestion, the carrying out of which I scarce dared to think possible; still, it was in my mind, and had sufficient power over me to make me very curious as to the plans of Layelah. I determined to find out where she proposed to go, and how far; to ask her about the dangers of the way and the means of sustenance. It seemed, I confess, rather unfair to Layelah to find out her plans and use them for another purpose; but then that other purpose was Almah, and to me at that time every device which was for her safety seemed fair and honorable.

"Here," said Layelah—"here, Atam-or, you see the way of escape. The athaleb can carry us both far away to a land where you need never fear that they will put you to death—a land where the people love light and life. Whenever you are ready to go, tell me; if you are ready to go now, say so, and at once I will open the door, and we shall soon be far away."

She laid her hand on mine and looked at me earnestly; but I was not to be beguiled into any hasty committal of myself, and so I turned her proposal away with a question:

"How far is it," I asked, "to that land?"

"It is too far for one flight," said Layelah. "We go first over the sea till we come to a great island, which is called Magones, where there are mountains of fire; there we must rest, and feed the athaleb on fish, which are to be found on the shore. The athaleb knows his way there well, for he goes there once every season for a certain sacred ceremony. He has done this for fifty or sixty seasons, and knows his way there and back perfectly well. The difficulty will be, when we leave Magones, in reaching the land of the Orin."

"The Orin?" I repeated. "Who are they?"

"They are a people among the Gojin who love life and light. It is their land that I wish to reach, if possible."

"Where is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"I cannot explain," said Layelah. "I can only trust to my own skill, and hope to find the place. We may have to pass over different lands of the Gojin, and if so we may be in danger."

"What is the reason why the athaleb goes to Magones every season?" I asked.

"To take there the chief pauper of the season, who has won the prize of death by starvation. It is one of the greatest honors among the Kosekin."

"Is Magones barren?"

"It is an island of fire, without anything on it but craggy mountains and wild rocks and flowing rivers of fire. It stands almost in the middle of the sea."

"How can we get away from here?" I asked, after some silence.

"From here?—why, I open the gates, and the athaleb flies away; that is all."

"But shall we not be prevented?"

"Oh no. No one here ever prevents any one from doing anything. Every one is eager to help his neighbor."

"But if they saw me deliberately mounting the athaleb and preparing for flight, would they not stop me?"

"No."

I was amazed at this.

"But," said I, "am I not a victim—preserved for the great sacrifice?"

"You are; but you are free to go where you like, and do what you like. Your character of victim makes you most distinguished. It is the highest honor and dignity. All believe that you rejoice in your high dignity, and no one dreams that you are anxious to escape."

"But if I did escape, would they not pursue me?"

"Certainly not."

"What would they do for a victim?"

"They would wonder at your unaccountable flight, and then choose some distinguished pauper."

"But if I were to stay here, would they not save me from death at my entreaty?"

"Oh, certainly not; they would never understand such an entreaty. That's a question of death, the supreme blessing. No one is capable of such a base act as saving his fellow-man from death. All are eager to help each other to such a fate."

"But if I were to fly they would not prevent me, and they would not pursue me?"

"Oh no."

"Are there any in the land who are exempt from the sacrifice?"

"Oh yes; the Alhons, Meleks, and Kohens—these are not worthy of the honor. The artisans and tradesmen are sometimes permitted to attain to this honor; the laborers in greater numbers; but it is the paupers who are chiefly favored. And this is a matter of complaint among the rich and powerful, that they cannot be sacrificed."

"Well, why couldn't I be made an Alhon or a Kohen, and be exempted in that way?"

"Oh, that would be too great a dishonor; it would be impossible. On the contrary, the whole people are anxious to honor you to the very uttermost, and to bestow upon you the greatest privileges and blessings which can possibly be given. Oh no, it would be impossible for them to allow you to become an Alhon or a Kohen. As for me, I am Malca, and therefore the lowest in the land—pitied and commiserated by the haughty pauper class, who shake their heads at the thought of one like me. All the people shower upon me incessantly new gifts and new offices. If my present love of light and life were generally known, they would punish me by giving me new contributions of wealth and new offices and powers, which I do not want."

"But you love riches, do you not? and you must want them still?"

"No," said Layelah, "I do not want them now."

"Why, what do you want?" I asked.

"You!" said she, with a sweet smile.

I said nothing, but tried desperately to think of something that might divert the conversation.

Layelah was silent for a few moments, and then went on in a musing tone:

"As I was saying, I love you, Atam-or, and I hate Almah because you love her. I think Almah is the only human being in all the world that I ever really hated; and yet, though I hate her, still, strange to say, I feel as though I should like to give her the immense blessing of death, and that is a very strange feeling indeed for one of the Kosekin. Do you understand, Atam-or, what such can possibly be?"

I did not answer, but turned away the conversation by a violent effort.

"Are there any other athalebs here?"

"Oh yes."

"How many?"

"Four."

"Are they all as tame as this?"

"Oh yes, all quite as tame; there is no difference whatever."

Upon this I left the back of the athaleb, and Layelah also descended, after which she proceeded to show me the other monsters. At length she unharnessed the athaleb, and we left the cavern.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

CHAPTER XXII.

ESCAPE.

On the following *jom* I told everything to Almah. I told her that Layelah was urging me to fly with her, and that I had found out all about her plans. I described the athalebs, informed her about the direction which we were to take, the island of fire, and the country of the Orin. At this intelligence Almah was filled with delight, and for the first time since we had come to the *amir* there were smiles of joy upon her face. She needed no persuasion. She was ready to set forth whenever it was fitting, and to risk everything upon this enterprise. She felt as I did, and thought that the wildest attempt was better than this dull inaction.

Death was before us here, and every *jom* as it passed only brought it nearer. True, we were treated with the utmost kindness, we lived in royal splendor, we had enormous retinues; but all this was a miserable mockery, since it all served as the prelude to our inevitable doom. For that doom it was hard indeed to wait. Anything was better. Far better would it be to risk all the dangers of this unusual and amazing flight, to brave the terrors of that drear isle of fire, Magones; better to perish there of starvation, or to be killed by the hands of hostile Gojin, than to wait here and be destroyed at last by the sacrificial knife of these smiling, generous, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing fiends; to be killed—ay, and afterward borne to the tremendous *Mista Kosek*.

There was a difficulty with Layelah that had to be guarded against: in the first place that she might not suspect, and again that we might choose our time of escape when she would not be at all likely to find us out. We resolved to make our attempt without any further delay. Layelah was with us for the greater part of that *jom*, and the Kohen Gadol also gave us much of his company. Layelah did not seem to have any suspicions whatever of my secret purpose; for she was as bright, as amiable, and as devoted to me as ever, while the Kohen Gadol sought as before to make himself agreeable to Almah. I did not think fit to tell her about Layelah's proposal, and therefore she was quite ignorant of the secret plans of the Kohen Gadol, evidently attributing his attention to the unfailing amiability of the Kosekin.

Layelah came again after Almah had retired, and spent the time in trying to persuade me to fly with her. The beautiful girl was certainly never more engaging, nor was she ever more tender. Had it not been for Almah it would have been impossible to resist such sweet persuasions; but as it was I did resist. Layelah, however, was not at all discouraged, nor did she lose any of her amiability; but when she took leave it was with a smile and sweet words of forgiveness on her lips for what she called my cruelty. After she left I remained for a time with a painful sense of helplessness. The fact is my European training did not fit me for encountering such a state of things as existed among the Kosekin. It's very easy to be faithful to one's own true-love in England, when other fair ladies hold aloof and wait to be sought; but here among the Kosekin women have as much liberty in making love as men, and there is no law or custom about it. If a woman chooses she can pay the most desperate attentions, and play the part of a distracted lover to her heart's content. In most cases the women actually take the initiative, as they are more impressible and impulsive than men; and so it was that Layelah made me the object of her persistent assault—acting all the time, too, in accordance with the custom of the country, and thus having no thought whatever of indelicacy, since, according to the Kosekin, she was acting simply in accordance with the rights of every woman. Now, where a woman is urged by one ardent lover to dismiss her other lover, she may sometimes find it difficult to play her part satisfactorily; but in my case I did not play my part satisfactorily at all; the ordeal was too hard, and I was utterly unable to show to Layelah that firmness and decision of character which the occasion demanded.

Yet, after all, the ordeal at last ended. Layelah left, as I have said, with sweet words of forgiveness on her lips, and I after a time succeeded in regaining my presence of mind.

Almah was waiting, and she soon joined me. We gathered a few articles for the journey, the chief of which were my rifle and pistol, which I had not used here, and then we set forth. Leaving our apartments we traversed the long passages, and at length came to the cavern of the athalebs. We met several people on the way, who looked at us with smiles, but made no other sign. It was evident that they had no commission to watch us, and that thus far Layelah's information was correct.

Upon entering the cavern of the athalebs my first feeling was one of helplessness; for I had no confidence whatever in my own powers of managing these awful monsters, nor did I feel sure that I could harness them; but the emergency was a pressing one, and there was no help for it. I had seen where Layelah had left the harness, and now my chief desire was to secure one of the athalebs. The faint light served to disclose nothing but gloom; and I waited for a while, hoping that one of them would come forward as before. But waiting did no good, for no movement was made, and I had to try what I could do myself to rouse them. So I walked farther in toward the back part of the cavern, peering through the gloom, while Almah remained near the entrance.

As I advanced I heard a slight noise, as of some one moving. I thought it was one of the athalebs, and walked on farther, peering through the gloom, when suddenly I came full upon a man who was busy at some work which I could not make out. For a moment I stood in amazement and despair, for it seemed as though all was lost, and as if this man would at once divine my intent. While I stood thus he turned and gave me a very courteous greeting, after which, in the usual manner of the Kosekin, he asked me with much amiability what he could do for me. I muttered something about seeing the athalebs, upon which he informed me that he would show them to me with pleasure.

He went on to say that he had recently been raised from the low position of Alhon to that of Feeder of the Athalebs, a post involving duties like those of ostlers or grooms among us, but which here indicated high rank and honor. He was proud of his title of "Epet," which means servant, and more than usually obliging. I at once took advantage of his complaisance, and requested him to show me the athalebs. Upon this he led the way farther on, where I could see through the gloom the shadowy outlines of four monsters, all of which were resting in an upright posture against the wall, with their claws fixed on a shelf of rock. They looked more than ever like dragons, or rather like enormous bats, for their wings were disclosed hanging in loose leathern folds.

"Can they be roused," I asked, "and made to move?"

"Oh yes," said the Epet, and without waiting for any further request he proceeded to pull at the loose fan-like wing of the nearest one. The monster drew himself together, gave a flutter with his wings, and then moved back from the wall.

"Make him walk," said I, eagerly.

The Epet at this pulled upon his wing once more, and the athaleb moved forward.

"Bring him to the portal, so that I may see him," said I.

The Epet, still holding the athaleb's wing, pulled at him, and thus guided him toward the portal. I was amazed at the docility of this terrific monster; yet, after all, I thought that it was no more astonishing than the docility of the elephant, which in like manner allows itself to be guided by the slightest pressure. A child may lead a vast elephant with ease, and here with equal ease the Epet led the athaleb. He led him up near to the portal, where the aurora light beamed through far brighter than the brightest moon, and disclosed all the vast proportions of the monster. I stood and looked on for some time in silence, quite at a loss what to do next.

And now Layelah's words occurred to me as to the perfect willingness of the Kosekin to do anything which one might wish. She had insisted on it that they would not prevent our flight, and had given me to understand that they would even assist me if I should ask them. This is what now occurred to me, and I determined to make a trial. So I said:

"I should like to fly in the air on the athaleb. Will you harness him?"

I confess it was with some trepidation that I said this, but the feeling was soon dissipated. The Epet heard my words with perfect coolness, as though they conveyed the most natural request in the world, and then proceeded to obey me, just as at home a servant might hear and obey his master, who might say, "I should like to take a ride; will you harness the bay mare?"

So the Epet proceeded to harness the athaleb, and I watched him in silence; but it was the silence of deep suspense, and my heart throbbed painfully. There was yet much to be risked. The gates had to be opened. Others might interfere. Layelah might come. All these thoughts occurred to me as I watched the Epet; and though the labor of harnessing the athaleb was simple and soon performed, still the time seemed long. So the collar was secured around the neck of the athaleb, with the grapple attached, and the lines were fastened to the wings, and then Almah and I mounted.

The Epet now stood waiting for further orders.

"Open the gates," said I.

The Epet did so.

Almah was seated on the back of the athaleb before me, holding on to the coarse mane; I, just behind, held the reins in my hand. The gates were opened wide. A few people outside, roused by the noise of the opening gates, stood and looked on. They had evidently no other feeling but curiosity.

All was now ready and the way was open, but there was an unexpected difficulty—the athaleb would not start, and I did not know how to make him. I had once more to apply for help to the Epet.

"How am I to make him start?" I asked.

"Pull at the collar to make him start, and pull at both reins to make him stop," said the Epet.

Upon this I pulled at the collar.

The athaleb obeyed at once. He rose almost erect, and moved out through the gate. It was difficult to hold on, but we did so. On reaching the terrace outside, the athaleb expanded his vast wings, which spread out over a space of full fifty feet, and then with vigorous motions raised himself in the air.

It was a moment full of terror to both of us; the strange sensation of rising in the air, the quivering muscles of the athaleb at the working of the enormous pinions, the tremendous display of strength, all combined to overwhelm me with a sense of utter helplessness. With one hand I clung to the stiff mane of the monster; with the other I held Almah, who was also grasping the athaleb's hair; and thus for some time all thought was taken up in the one purpose of holding on. But at length the athaleb lay in the air in a perfectly horizontal position; the beat of the wings grew more slow and even, the muscular exertion more steady and sustained. We both began to regain some degree of confidence, and at length I raised myself up and looked around.

It did not seem long since we had left; but already the city was far behind, rising with its long, crescent terraces, sparkling and twinkling with innumerable lights. We had passed beyond the bay; the harbor was behind us, the open sea before us, the deep water beneath. The athaleb flew low, not more than a hundred feet above the water, and maintained that distance all the time. It seemed, indeed, as if he might drop into the water at any time; but this was only fancy, for he was perfect master of all his movements, and his flight was swift and well sustained.

Overhead the sky was filled with the glory of the aurora beams, which spread everywhere, flashing out from the zenith and illuminating the earth with a glow brighter than that of the brightest moon; beneath, the dark waters of the sea extended, with the waves breaking into foam, and traversed by galleys, by merchant-ships, and by the navies of the Kosekin. Far away the surface of the sea spread, with that marvellous appearance of an endless ascent, as though for a thousand miles, rising thus until it terminated half-way up the sky; and so it rose up on every side, so that I seemed to be at the bottom of a basin-shaped world—an immense and immeasurable hollow—a world unparalleled and unintelligible. Far away, at almost infinite distances, arose the long lines of mountains, which, crowned with ice, gleamed in the aurora light, and seemed like a barrier that made forever impossible all ingress and egress.

On and on we sped. At length we grew perfectly accustomed to the situation, the motion was so easy and our seats were so secure. There were no obstacles in our way, no roughness along our path; for that pathway was the smooth air, and in such a path there could be no interruption, no jerk or jar. After the first terror had passed there remained no longer any necessity for holding on—we could sit and look around with perfect freedom; and at length I rose to my feet, and Almah stood beside me, and thus we stood for a long time, with all our souls kindled into glowing enthusiasm by the excitement of that adventurous flight, and the splendors of that unequalled scene.

At length the aurora light grew dim. Then came forth the stars, glowing and burning in the black sky. Beneath there was nothing visible but the darkness of the water, spotted with phosphorescent points, while all around a wall of gloom arose which shut out from view the distant shores.

Suddenly I was aware of a noise like the beat of vast wings, and these wings were not those of our athaleb. At first I thought it was the fluttering of a sail, but it was too regular and too long continued for that. At length I saw through the gloom a vast shadowy form in the air behind us, and at once the knowledge of the truth flashed upon me. It was another monster flying in pursuit!

Were we pursued? Were there men on his back? Should I resist? I held my rifle poised, and was resolved to resist at all hazards. Almah saw it all, and said nothing. She perceived the danger, and in her eyes I saw that she, like me, would prefer death to surrender. The monster came nearer and nearer, until at last I could see that he was alone, and that none were on his back. But now another fear arose. He might attack our athaleb, and in that way endanger us. He must be prevented from coming nearer; yet to fire the rifle was a serious matter. I had once before learned the danger of firing under such circumstances, when my opmahera had fled in terror at the report, and did not wish to experience the danger which might arise from a panic-stricken athaleb; and so as I stood there I waved my arms and gesticulated violently. The pursuing athaleb seemed frightened at such an unusual occurrence, for he veered off, and soon was lost in the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOSEPH W. DREXEL.

Joseph W. Drexel was born in Philadelphia, January 24, 1833, and died in New York on Saturday, March 24th. Mr. Drexel was the youngest of the three sons of the late Francis W. Drexel, and acquired a thorough business training at his father's office in Philadelphia. Going to Chicago, he returned to Philadelphia, and became a member of the firm of Drexel & Co. Removing to New York, he was associated with the well-known houses which the Messrs. Drexel had founded. In 1876 Mr. Drexel retired from business, and devoted his time and large fortune to the doing of good works. His beneficences cannot be measured. He was an ideal philanthropist. On Mr. Drexel's extensive farms in New York, Maryland, and Michigan he instituted agricultural schools for the needy. Here not only their wants were relieved, but the outcast was taught how a better future was possible, and what he did, moreover, in a private way was even on a greater plan than that known to the public. Few who were deserving came to him for aid and went away empty-handed. He was careful to avoid publicity. He followed closely the Biblical precept, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Mr. Drexel was chairman of the Sanitary Commission, trustee of the National Academy of Sciences, Commissioner of Education, and Treasurer of the Cancer Hospital. Inheriting from his father artistic tastes, Mr. Drexel was an excellent musician, and proficient beyond the limits of the amateur. His musical library was the best in the United States. Mr. Drexel was among the first who revived the taste for etchings, and he leaves a fine collection. For his musical ability he was elected President of the New York Philharmonic Society. Mr. Drexel was a patriot in its highest sense, and during the civil war gave all the help he could to sustain our national credit. His love for General Grant was touching. All remember how Mr. Drexel tendered the use of his cottage at Mount McGregor to the dying hero, and how, after the General's death, Mr. Drexel kept the cottage with all its mementos intact, and then gave the property to the State, so that the memory of Grant should be ever hallowed.

Mr. Drexel had been suffering for a year or more from Bright's disease, but his death was unexpected. Mr. Drexel's characteristics were straightforwardness and high-mindedness. Enjoying ample means, he was the least ostentatious of men. He seemed to think that his wealth had been given him not for his own personal enjoyment, but that he might dispense it for the benefit of others. There are few examples of the possession of a large fortune where the disbursing of it was more intelligently and kindly carried out than by Joseph W. Drexel.

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor William Dorsheimer died at Savannah, Georgia, on the night of March 26th. He was on his way to Florida, whither Dr. Flint, his physician, had advised him to go. He caught a cold in Savannah, where he arrived on the 17th, and pneumonia was speedily developed. He leaves a wife, but no children.

Mr. Dorsheimer was born at Lyons, in this State, February 5, 1832. He became a student at Harvard University in the class of 1853, but was not graduated. He was well known at the University, however, during his time, as a remarkably ready speaker, for the wide range of his intellectual interests, and as an athlete. It would have surprised some who knew him only after he attained the great bulk of his middle life to learn that, as a tall and slender boy, he had pulled in the college racing barge of his day. Ill health prevented his graduation. He was admitted to the bar in 1854, and actively practised his profession until the war broke out, when he became a Major on Fremont's staff, and was with that officer in his Missouri campaign. In the mean time he had joined the Republican party, although his father was an active Democratic politician. He took the stump for Fremont in 1856. Through the war he was an earnest and zealous supporter of the administration. After the war he followed Johnson, who made him District Attorney of the Northern District of New York. Mr. Dorsheimer held this office until 1871, and those who then knew him best bear witness to his professional ability and attainments. In 1874 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Mr. Tilden being elected Governor. He was re-elected, and held the office until 1880. In 1876 Mr. Dorsheimer was a very prominent figure at the St. Louis Democratic Convention. He was the manager of Mr. Tilden's canvass. He was also chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and served one term. During this short service, in the tariff struggle which took place over the Morrison bill, he was one of the revenue reform leaders. The other measures in which he took great interest were international copyright and the reorganiza-

tion of the navy. He was one of the most interesting debaters in the House. Mr. DORSHEIMER's friendship for Mr. CLEVELAND was formed when the two were young men in Buffalo. When the former was District Attorney of northern New York he offered Mr. CLEVELAND the assistant attorneyship, but the offer was declined. When Mr. CLEVELAND was nominated to the Presidency, Mr. DORSHEIMER was his biographer. He was spoken of as likely to be in the cabinet or to have a mission, but finally he was made District Attorney of this district. He held the office for a few months, and then resigned it to become editor of the *Star*.

Mr. DORSHEIMER was a man of very generous nature and a charming companion. His attachments were strong, and his enmities were few and not bitter. He had a ready wit and large reading. Among his accomplishments was a nice artistic sense, and when he was Commissioner of the Albany Capitol he placed the work in the hands of architects to whom is due the credit of whatever is beautiful in the building. After he had contributed several articles to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Harvard bestowed upon him, in 1859, the honorary degree of A.M.

THROWING LETTERS TO THE PILOT.

THOSE who have started on their first voyage to Europe by any of the transatlantic steam-ships of the day are apt to think that something has gone wrong when, just as the threshold of the port has been passed, the mighty engine suddenly ceases its monotonous throbbing, and there is a rush of people to the leeward side of the vessel, who give vent to exclamations of mingled surprise and curiosity as they peer over the bulwarks into the waters below. This phenomenon occurs in Gedney's Channel, three miles beyond Sandy Hook, and it signalizes a double fact of commanding interest to the initiated—the departure of the pilot and the mailing of the last messages for home before the passenger has fully committed himself to "old ocean's gray and solitary waste." Few of those who have witnessed a scene of this kind are aware what a thorough preparatory education and experience is required of that same pilot, or what hazards he must encounter in plying his vocation on the boisterous Atlantic. See him now as he enters his yawl, while the great Cunarder, as she majestically mounts and plunges, pours upon him and his crew a sea of spattering rain, and her ropes and spars as they cut the stiffening breeze give out an Æolian tune! It is a thrilling spectacle sometimes to see this mere cockle-shell, with her precious freight of three lives, now lifted on high by the frothing waters, now descending into the yawning depths; and the greatest skill and coolness are required to prevent her from being swamped by the action of the huge hull of the steam-ship rolling deep in the turbulent sea. Already the purser has shot down into the tiny flitting boat the mail-bag which every large steamer carries for such an emergency, and which is made up some time in advance of this point. But many passengers do not know of such a bag, and even of those who do know, many still want to send one *last*, *last* word to the dear ones they have left behind, and as if by magic scores of letters and postal-cards are produced in a twinkling; and now behold them flying over the vessel's side, many of them to find a final billet in the water, while expressions of mingled disgust, triumph, and bantering merriment fill the air, according as the thrower has hit or missed his mark! A few are crest-fallen, more are jubilant; but it is soon all over, for the two sailors in the yawl, struggling like ants with a wheat grain, fall down into a monstrous valley, while the stolid-looking pilot steers away from the overhanging hulk toward the trim schooner, whose shapely sails are gleaming in the sun not far off. The laboring steamship moves off in a caldron of foam; and the passengers, male, and especially female, turn to the congenial pastime of studying one another's idiosyncrasies during the brief and cheerful interval allowed them between the departure of the pilot with his promiscuous mail and the arrival on board of the demon of *mal de mer*, with his gruesome accompaniments.

AN OPPORTUNE ROMANCE.

LAST week the reporters of the New York journals were invited to the house of a well-known and eminent lawyer to witness what this gentleman believed to be the manifestations of the spirit world. They found him imbued with the belief that the great artists of the past—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Vandyck—had painted pictures for him, and more than that, that by an effort of his will they would produce any portrait he might ask for. Another discovery was made, and it was that the gentleman was under the control of a woman of dubious antecedents, with "spiritualistic tendencies."

Truth being stranger than fiction, there is a strange analogy between the case of this gentleman and that of M. Brudenel, one of the characters in *Herr Paulus*, a novel of Mr. Walter Besant's, just published by Harper & Brothers. *Herr Paulus* is a romance, having for its theme the divergences, the disturbances, the hallucinations of the mind, and how clever knaves make it their business to cater to human weakness. The story lays bare the tricks, shifts, the cunning, rascality, of those who "trade" on spiritualism.

The United States has no claim to be the originator of spiritualism. It harbored that wily personage, "The Professor," after he had been laughed out of England, but to our misfortune we adopted him. After a while native talent came to the front, and because its needs were pressing it became highly inventive. The ground was fresh, and for a number of years the cropping of the growth of fools was constant. Of late, however, the general public has become tired of the medium, the mesmerist, his silly table-turnings, his tricky rappings, humbugging dark closets, bogus music, and all that mumbo-jumbo nonsense. There was the certainty that the canting professor who told fortunes rarely paid his board bill. That slattern pythoness, his wife, the fictitious daughters, whose morals were never of the best, became discredited. More thoughtful people, who through curiosity attended the shows, looked with repugnance on the professors of spiritualism, who, seizing on the agonies of a bereaved mother, turned her affliction to account, squeezing out of her halves and quarters of dollars for so-called "communications" with the spirits of the departed. For a time there may have been something like a mental epidemic. Ignorance and superstition when appealed to are responsive, but only for a brief period. By degrees the effects of spiritualism apparently died out. It is only an occasional sporadic case which appears, like the one now exciting attention.

Mr. Besant, in *Herr Paulus*, differs from those who have heretofore treated the subject of spiritualism. From Goethe, in his *Elective Affinities*, down to our own modern novelists, the alluring, not the repulsive, side of the subject has been represented. Perhaps for the higher effects of literature it was not thought worth while to strip the conjurer's table of its spangled cloth, and to expose the rough boards with the secret drawers, springs, slides, and traps.

In Mr. Besant's *Herr Paulus* the mine to be worked is a rich placer. The professors of spiritualism never interest themselves about poor people. Herr Paulus knows that Brudenel has a weakness for the marvellous, is necessarily weak-minded, and to the Brudenel house he comes. The Brudenel establishment is as the clover field for mediumistic cattle to feed in. Herr Paulus, who is a New England sharp, makes every individual hair on the heads of the Brudenels stand on end. But there is an Englishman, Langford, who is blessed with obstinacy. He suspects Zip, or Herr Paulus, and erects machinery which smashes all the humbuggery.

A romance of this kind is fruitful of good. It puts in the hands of those who are desirous of confuting this nonsense exactly the arguments needed. The dodges, hocus-pocus, the *escamotage*, are exposed. Mr. Besant may even effect the cure of those who have nascent bees just about to buzz in their bonnets. The English novelist does not ignore hypnotic conditions, but denounces, laughs at, ridicules, and routs those who chouse, inveigle, cozen, and gammon a credulous public. There is the sadder side as well as the comic one apparent to those who have no sympathy with the professors of the art. From Mother Shipton to Madame Blavatzky, Mr. Besant knows "how the shows are run." With exceeding humor the author parodies the pompous rumblings of the big-mouthed talkers who, resonant as bass drums, sound their vacuous "boom-booms."

VERY PROVOKING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

How they praised and they applauded,
And her every action lauded,
And declared she'd be rewarded—
Yes, indeed, rewarded richly—in the land beyond the sky.
"For," quoth they, "of the many
In our family not any
In usefulness or patience can with her begin to vie."

Then they turned them to their pleasures,
And added to their treasures,
And took all sorts of measures
To leave her alone to battle with the troubles and the cares.
For she seemed so well to bear them
That they felt no call to share them,
Though, as oft as they remembered, she was mentioned in their prayers.

And it caused some indignation,
And no very slight vexation,
When their overworked relation
Closed her tired eyes upon the earth and softly sighed "Good-by!"
And while a few tears giving
(More than e'er they gave her living),
They murmured, "How provoking 'tis that she should go and die!"

NAVIGATING THE MAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great advances made in these days in the art of navigation, in the construction of ocean steam-ships, and in the improvement of nautical instruments, we are from time to time startled by the news of the total or partial wreck of some great passenger steam-ship, even when all the circumstances seemed to insure a safe voyage. Sometimes the disaster has been caused by collision, as in the recent case of the Dutch steam-ship the *W. A. Scholten*; sometimes it arises from stress of weather of the terrific kind that the *Britannia* recently encountered; but of late years losses at sea seem to have occurred more frequently from oversailing the reckoning, or from miscalculation of a vessel's position in a fog or during heavy weather, or even from a slight exaggeration of what travellers so much require—a rapid passage. These periodically recurring calamities are now leading many people to inquire with more interest than formerly into the methods in use for determining the position of a ship at sea, and it is for the benefit of such inquirers that the following brief sketch of these methods has been prepared.

Every one who has made a voyage of any length knows that a ship's course and rate of sailing are carefully noted throughout her voyage, and that every change in her course is taken account of, as well as every change in her rate of advance. This is, strictly speaking, what is called "navigation," in which the captain of a ship in reality relies on terrestrial measurements to decide his position. If all this could be accurately managed, the position of the ship at any hour could be known; but unfortunately such accuracy is impossible, from the fact that a ship's compass is not an instrument affording perfectly exact indications. It is plainly impossible even for the most skilful steersman to keep a ship rigidly to one course for any length of time on such a shifting pathway; and to this may be added the difficulty arising from what is known as the "variation of the compass" in different parts of the earth, as well as its liability to be affected by the presence of iron in the ship's cargo. Again, the log-line gives only a rough idea of the ship's rate of progress, as, of course, a ship's rate does not remain constant even when she is under steam alone. Currents, too, carry the ship along, sometimes with considerable rapidity, and the log-line affords no indication of their action. Thus the distance made on any course may differ considerably from the estimated distance; and when several days' sailing are dealt with, an error of large amount may readily accumulate.

For these and other reasons a ship's captain places little reliance on what is called "the day's work," that is, the change in the ship's position from noon to noon, as estimated from the compass courses entered in the log-book, and the distances supposed to be run on these courses. It is absolutely essential that such estimates should be carefully made, because under unfavorable conditions of weather there may be no other means of guessing at the ship's position; but the only really reliable way of determining a ship's place is by astronomical observations. It is on this account that the almanac published by the Admiralty in England and by the Observatory authorities at Washington, in which the position and apparent motions of the celestial bodies are indicated four or five years in advance, are called, *par excellence*, the "Nautical Almanac." By their aid the seaman, in the processes now to be considered, trusts to celestial observations independently of all terrestrial measurements.

The points to be determined by the voyager are his latitude and longitude. The latitude is the distance north or south of the equator, and is measured always from the equator in degrees, the distance from equator to pole being divided into ninety equal parts, each of which is a degree. Longitude is the distance east or west of Greenwich in English usage, of Washington in American usage, but other nations employ a different starting-point for measuring longitudes from. Longitude too is measured in degrees, and a place which is half round the earth from the starting-point is, as every school-boy should know, exactly 180 degrees east or west of this point, as the case may be. Now it is easy enough for a sea-captain, in fine weather, to determine his latitude. This can be done in several ways, but commonly the seaman trusts to observation of the sun at noon, when the sun is highest above the horizon. The actual height is determined by means of the instrument called the sextant, which is so devised that the observer can see two objects at once—one directly, and the other after reflection of its light—and the amount by which he has to move a certain bar carrying the reflecting arrangement, in order to bring the two objects into view in the same direction, shows him the real divergence of lines drawn from his eye to the two objects. To take the sun's altitude, then, with this instrument, the observer takes the sun as one object and the horizon directly below the sun as the other; he brings them into view together, and then looking at the sextant to see how much he has had to move the swinging arm which carries the reflecting glasses, he learns how high the sun is. This being done at noon, with proper arrangements to insure that the greatest height then reached by the sun is observed, at once indicates the latitude of the observer. Suppose, for example, he finds the sun to be forty degrees above the horizon, and the Nautical Almanac tells him that, at the time, the sun is ten degrees north of the celestial equator, then he knows that the celestial equator is thirty degrees above the southern horizon. The pole of the heavens is therefore sixty degrees above the northern horizon, and the voyager is in sixty degrees north latitude.

The longitude, or distance east or west from some fixed station, is not so easily determined. But we know that the earth, by turning round on her axis, causes the changes which we call day and night, and therefore these must happen at different times in places set different distances round. For example, it is clear that if it is noon at one station, it must be midnight at a station half-way round from the former. The earth, too, turns from west to east; that is, a place lying due west of another is so carried as presently to occupy the place which its easterly neighbor had before occupied, while this last place has gone farther east yet. Let us suppose an hour is the time required to carry a westerly station to the position which had been occupied by a station to the east of it. Then plainly every celestial phenomenon depending on the earth's turning will occur an hour later at the westerly station. Sunrise and sunset are phenomena of this kind. If I telegraph to a friend at some station far to the west, but in the same latitude, "the sun is rising here," and he finds he has to wait exactly an hour before the sun rises there, then he knows he is one hour west of me in longitude. As there are twenty-four hours in a day, while a complete circle running through my station and his is supposed to be divided into 360 degrees, he is 15 degrees—that is, a 24th part of a day—west of me; and if my station is Washington, he is in what we in America call 15 degrees west longitude.

But what is true of sunrise and sunset in the same latitudes and in different longitudes is true of noon, whatever the latitude may be—only, unfortunately, one cannot tell the exact instant when the sun is due south, or at its highest above the horizon. Every one who makes a long sea-voyage must have noted the importance attached to noon observations; and many are led to suppose that these observations are directly intended for the determination of the longitude, or, which in effect is the same thing, for determining true ship time. This, however, is a mistake. The latitude can be determined at noon, as we have seen. A rough approximation to the local time can be obtained also, and is commonly obtained, by noting when the sun begins to dip after reaching the highest part of his course above the horizon. A determination of time effected in this way serves very well for the ship's "watches," and accordingly when the sun, so observed, begins to dip, they strike "eight bells, and make it noon." But it would be a serious matter for the crew if that was made the noon for working the ship's place, for an error of many miles would be inevitable.

To determine true time, therefore, the seaman selects, not noon, as is commonly supposed, but a time when the sun is nearly due east or due west. For, just as the minute-hand of a clock changes more rapidly in height when it is near III. and IX. than when it is near XII., the sun's elevation or depression changes most rapidly when nearly due east or due west, and so gives the surest means of determining the time. But the noon observation would be wanted to complete the determination of the longitude, for, until the latitude was known, the captain would not be aware what apparent path the sun was describing in the heavens, and therefore would not know the time corresponding to any solar observation. The reader can now see that the great point in finding the longitude is to have the true time of some reference station, in order that, by comparing this time with ship time, the longitude east or west of the reference station may be ascertained. Ship time can always be determined by a morning or afternoon observation of the sun, or by observing a known star when toward the east or west, at which time the diurnal motion raises or depresses it most rapidly. The latitude being known, the time of any given day at which the sun or a star should have any particular altitude is known also; and therefore, conversely, when the altitude of the sun or a star has been noted, the seaman has learned the time of day. But to find Washington or Greenwich time is another matter; and without this reference time, ship time teaches nothing as to the longitude. How, then, is the voyager at sea or in desert places to know the exact time at some fixed station? Most readers know that chronometers are used, under ordinary conditions, for this purpose; but in long voyages even the best chronometers are liable to go astray, from the continual tossing and shaking to which they are subjected, but especially from the great changes of temperature which they endure when a ship passes from the temperate latitudes across the torrid zone to the temperate zone again. And then it is to be noted that a very insignificant time error corresponds to a difference of longitude quite sufficient to occasion a serious error in the ship's estimated position. For this reason it is desirable to have some means of determining the time at a fixed station independently of chronometers. Any signal which is recognizable, in whatever way, at both stations—the reference station and the station whose longitude is required—will suffice to convey the time of one station to the other. Evidently the only signals available, when telegraphic communication is impossible, are signals in the celestial spaces, for these alone can be discerned simultaneously from widely distant parts of the earth.

We know that all the planets, as well as the sun and moon, traverse at various rates and in different paths the sphere of the fixed stars. But the moon alone moves with sufficient rapidity to act as a time indicator for terrestrial voyagers. She completes the circuit of the celestial sphere in 27⅓ days, so that in one day she traverses about thirteen degrees—or her own diameter in about an hour. She thus acts as the minute-hand, so to speak, of the celestial clock; and as her rapid motion can be detected in a few seconds by telescopic comparison of the moon's place with that of some fixed star, it serves to show the time within a few seconds, which is precisely what is required by the seaman. Theoretically, all he has to do is to take the moon's apparent distance from a known star, and also her height and the star's height above the horizon. Thence he can calculate what would be the moon's distance from the star at the moment of observation, if the observer were at the earth's centre. But the Nautical Almanac informs him of the precise instant of Greenwich or Washington time corresponding to this calculated distance. So he has what he requires—the true reference time.

Of course all methods of finding the way at sea, except the rough processes depending on the log and compass, require that the celestial bodies, or some of them, should be seen. Hence it is that cloudy weather, for any considerable length of time, occasions danger, and sometimes leads to shipwreck and loss of life. The captain of a ship is supposed to proceed with extreme caution when the weather has long been cloudy, especially if, according to his reckoning, he is drawing near shore. Then the lead comes into play for soundings, and by day and night a careful watch is kept for signs of land. But it sometimes happens that, despite all such precautions, a ship is lost, for there are conditions of weather which, occurring when a ship is nearing shore, render the most careful outlook futile. These conditions are included among ordinary sea risks, by which is meant all such dangers as would leave a captain blameless if he met with shipwreck. It would be well if no ships were ever lost save from ordinary sea risks; but it is certain that the neglect of due care, either in maintaining a proper watch as the shore is approached, or in taking every available opportunity of observing the heavens, is responsible for the greater number of avoidable shipwrecks.

THROWING LETTERS TO THE PILOT.—

...—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 247.]

"KISS ME."—By J. G. Brown.—From C. M. Kurtz's "Illustrated National Academy Notes."

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The sixty-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, now open, is one which should encourage greatly those who believe in American art, and who have faith in the future of the Academy. The "Academy traditions"—the monopolizing of "the line" by the Academicians and the rejection of works not in accord with the old Academic cult—seem to be dying out. A new and more liberal order of things appears to be coming in.

Eleven years ago a number of the younger artists, whose study—mostly in the Paris and Munich schools—led them to the adoption of broader methods of painting than had prevailed in this country, feeling that their work was unappreciated by the Academy, and that they could obtain scant recognition there, organized a society of their own. Their first exhibition was hailed as a revolution, and the Academy and the new Society of American Artists were looked upon as almost antipodal. To-day, however, a member of the Society is made to feel as much at home in the Academy as in his own exhibition. His picture hangs on the line beside that of the oldest and most conservative Academician, or mayhap the Academician's work is hung higher.

It is interesting to note that of the original twenty-two members of the Society all but four are represented in the present Academy exhibition, and that of the artists represented in the Society's first exhibition nearly all now have pictures in the Academy. Messrs. Chase, Shirlaw, Dannat, Dielman, Duveneck, Sargent, Wyatt Eaton, Tiffany, Twachtman, Dewing, A. P. Ryder, and Will Low are there in force, and are welcome. Mr. Chase has as many as five pictures in the exhibition. In former years this scarcely could have been possible.

It is true that the members of the Society are not so radical in their methods as when we saw them in their first exhibition, and it is also true that the membership of the Academy has been changed somewhat by the infusion of new blood; but the change in the Academy has been due rather to more advanced ideas than to a change in *personnel*. The extremists of both sides have learned from each other, and the result has been most favorable to the development of better art. The value of an idea behind an expression is beginning to be appreciated, and it is becoming better understood that it is simplicity that marks what is greatest in painting; not, however, a simplicity degenerated into an exhibition of technical dexterity so startling as to make us forget the thing painted, any more than that which makes us painfully calculate how many hours, days, and weeks may have been spent in bringing it about.

The exhibition of 1888 does not contain many pictures which stand high above the average merit of the collection; but the average itself is high. For this reason the exhibition impresses one more favorably upon acquaintance than at first sight. There are only 579 pictures hung this year; in former years—previous to last year—the number usually ranged between seven and eight hundred. While the exhibition committees have shown liberality in extending recognition to the followers of the various schools or methods, they have withheld that injudicious generosity which in past years has crowded the walls with the works of amateurs, to the disfigurement of the exhibitions.

American art always has been strongest in expressing landscape effects, and rarely have better examples been shown at the Academy than now. Foremost among them may be mentioned the "September Afternoon," by George Inness, a rich, low-toned landscape with foreground in shadow, and a passage of sunshine through the middle distance that seems like light itself falling across the canvas. The simplicity of the composition and its treatment, the wealth and harmony of the coloring, and the faithfulness with which the artist has rendered an impressive effect of nature, together place this work in the front rank among Mr. Inness's recent productions. Messrs. Robbins, Wyant, Shurtleff, Tryon, Murphy, Dewey, and Ranger contribute noteworthy landscapes, and Mr. Eichelberger and Mr. Fitz, two of the "Munich Americans," show some very satisfactory work. Mr. Eichelberger's picture is a simple bit of moorland, with a road winding along the bank of a river, road and river losing themselves in a distance into which one unconsciously strains his eyes to penetrate further. Mr. Fitz presents a hazy evening effect, the sky along the horizon rich with sombre tones of crimson and gold, which linger awhile after a gorgeous sunset, and yield to the growing darkness as if unwillingly. The foreground is in shadow, and in it a pool reflects the sky and the silhouette-like trees. The charm of the picture lies, however, not more in its subject than in its extremely simple treatment. Du Bois F. Hasbrouck's "Winter Morning in the Catskills" (illustrated on another page) is worthy of mention among the landscapes. It shows the ground covered with snow in strong effects of sunshine and shadow.

Horatio Walker's "Morning"—one of the most remarkable paintings in the exhibition—might be classed as either a landscape or cattle study. There has not been shown at the Academy in recent years a more realistic impression—if such an artistically antithetic term may be allowed—of morning light and atmosphere. There is a freshness in the air, an exhilaration, that brings back to one the vivid impression of early mornings in the country, when the trees and grass were damp with dew, and the distance was half shrouded in light haze. The treatment of this landscape suggests Corot without suggesting any imitation of Corot. The cattle appear as if alive and in motion, painted with the same strength that is felt in the landscape.

Among the few examples of animal-painting, Lyell Carr's "Lost" is one of the most effective. It represents a broncho mare and colt in a forest in which there has been a recent fall of snow. The character of the animals is expressed with exceptional fidelity to nature, and the snow—especially where it has been broken into by their hoofs—is very realistic. Walter Shirlaw contributes a study of dogs—"The Cronies"—a low-toned composition of browns and grays, which ranks with the artist's best work.

Among the figure-paintings F. S. Church's graceful "Viking's Daughter" is one of the most attractive. It is painted in the delicate iridescent coloring characteristic of the artist's recent works. Mr. Blum is represented by a work of unusual importance (illustrated on another page), depicting a number of Venetian girls in bright costumes sitting in a sunny court-yard stringing beads. Mr. Moeller contributes a study of some men—presumably customs officers—appraising the value of a pile of silks unrolled on the table before them. The importer is excitedly explaining certain questions which have arisen. There is a large amount of detail in this picture (which is illustrated on another page), yet it is not painted with that close microscopic finish that tires the spectator because it first tired the artist. Even in its minutiæ the handling is broad. Mr. Gaul's "Charging an Earthwork" (also illustrated in this paper) is the most spirited picture he has shown since his "Night Attack," exhibited in 1882. It represents an engagement of infantry and artillery at an early hour in the morning, the sky just beginning to flush with streaks of rosy light where seen through the smoke of battle. The conflict is an almost hand-to-hand struggle, and the faces of the participants express the nervous tension of desperation. Mr. Hovenden presents a picture in a very different vein—a genre of negro home life that is very true in characterization. Winslow Homer's "Eight Bells"—two ship's officers in helmets and great-coats making mid-day observations in stormy weather—is one of the pictures for which the exhibition will be remembered. An illustration of it, from an etching by the artist, published by Mr. C. Klackner, appears on another page. Mr. Mowbray's "Evening Breeze" is a work full of graceful movement and pleasing color. The sensuous languor and gentle music of the breeze are typified by graceful female forms in light loose robes floating like delicately tinted clouds across the landscape. This work somewhat suggests the manner of Louis Leloir. Albert P. Ryder, in his "Christ appearing to Mary," has painted a picture which in tone and color approaches the works of certain of the old masters. C. C. Curran's "Breezy Day" (illustrated on another page) is a clever piece of painting, and J. G. Brown's bootblack with his dog is another successful variation of his treatment of this class of subjects.

There is the usual amount of portraiture. President Huntington is notably represented by "A Burgomaster of New Amsterdam"; Eastman Johnson, by a portrait of a gentleman (No. 456) and another of a lady (No. 375) that are in his best vein. Alden Weir contributes an effective portrait of Mr. John Gilbert, the actor. William M. Chase sends an interesting portrait of a lady, and Robert Gordon Hardie exhibits his portrait of Mr. David Dudley Field, painted for the Capitol at Albany. By Mr. Sargent there is an extremely fine portrait of a lady, which will doubtless evoke discussion among the followers of the various schools of technical expression.

MY PLAY—A COMEDY.

By HORACE TOWNSEND.

I was feeling far from cheerful as I entered the little hall of the Roundabout Club, and after looking in my pigeon-hole for letters, turned to hang up my coat and hat. I had walked down Fifth Avenue from Fifty-seventh Street, where the Fosdykes lived, and the walk had by no means improved my spirits. I may as well say at once that I was attached to Miss Emily Fosdyke, and had every reason to believe that the attachment was not on my side alone. It was not Emily, however, but her mother, a most charming middle-aged widow, who was the cause of my dejection. She had had what she called a "little serious chat" with me on this very evening, and Heaven only knows I found it not lacking in seriousness. She had sensibly enough pointed out to me that my attentions to the younger of her daughters were marked, while she regretted to say that Emily herself regarded me not altogether in the light of a mere acquaintance; but that she had made up her mind firmly to one thing, which was that neither of her daughters should ever marry a man who had not shown himself capable of earning his own livelihood. From these premises she left me to draw my own conclusions.

The unfortunate possessor of a moderate income left to me by my father, neither inclination nor necessity had led me to adopt a profession or enter into business. I knew that Mrs. Fosdyke, sensible enough on all ordinary subjects, was on this, which concerned me so deeply, wellnigh a monomaniac. Until I had earned at least a moderate sum of money I could never hope to call Emily Fosdyke my own, and I was thirty-two years old, and had never earned the proverbial first red cent. What was I to do? I could not dig, and begging could hardly be considered a legitimate means of support, even supposing I had possessed the necessary talent to pursue that overstocked profession.

I was pondering these things over as I turned into the smoking-room of the club. There were not half a dozen men in the room, and George Denham, a clever though flighty Irish journalist, was standing in his favorite attitude, with his back toward the blazing fire and his coat tails parted, holding forth with his usual volcanic energy to a couple of men who were lying back in their easy-chairs, looking bored but good-humored. Denham was a clever descriptive writer, and made a fair income by doing "special work" for one of the large dailies, writing New York gossip for out-of-town papers, and so forth.

He was saying, as I came in, that literature would soon suffer seriously by the drafting of the brightest intellects from its ranks into those of the drama, owing to the greater pecuniary rewards offered by the latter. He pitched on Shackleford, the dramatist, who was one of his listeners, as an instance, and referred to the enormous royalty which that lucky man was drawing from a comedy then running to crowded houses at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. Shackleford lazily pooh-poohed the volcanic Denham, and the two shortly after sauntered out to play a game of pool, leaving me alone with my cheerless reflections. I picked up an evening paper in a mechanical sort of way, when a paragraph which caught my eye, and my idle mental debate as to the soundness of Denham's argument, together helped to change the current of my thoughts. I was struck with a brilliant idea. If what Denham had said as to the amount of Shackleford's gains was true, and I had no cause to doubt it, was there not here an opening out of the sea of troubles in which I was floundering? Could I not write a play? The newspaper paragraph had given me the germ of a plot, touching as it did on a heroic rescue by a light-house keeper of some shipwrecked sailors. As a boy I had been stage-struck, and as a man I never missed a first night at the New York theatres. The more I thought about it, the more hopeful I became, and as a first step I decided to sound Shackleford. I found him in the billiard-room, which at the Roundabout is in the basement, and Denham having departed to some one of the many midnight haunts beloved by newspaper men, I broached the subject to the dramatist, and got cold comfort for my pains. Shackleford was a short, dumpy little man, with a mild brown eye and a fluffy brown beard. The mildness of his eye was at variance with his dictatorial and snappy way of expressing himself; but he was, on the whole, a good-natured fellow, and had many friends. He had made a name for himself as a writer of what are termed "star plays," or plays written to order, and with an eye to the peculiarities and limitations of some particular actor or actress, and his work, if never of a high order, was always up to a certain level of excellence, according to the critics.

When I asked his advice for an apocryphal friend who was thinking of writing a play, Shackleford pointed out to me that, in this country at least, a play had to be constructed to fit certain peculiarities of actor or company with as much nicety and knowledge as a tailor displays in cutting a coat, and assured me that an ordinarily good play, unless it filled these requirements, had small show of success. My mind was made up, however, and I determined to write a play, to send it to Lawton, the manager of the Twenty-third Street Theatre, whom I knew slightly, and finally to make a small fortune out of it, and marry Emily.

The next three months passed pleasantly enough for me. Every forenoon I worked hard at my play, and before a month had passed I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was really making good headway with it. My theatre-going proclivities stood me in good stead, and if a situation here or a line of dialogue there was reminiscent of some play I had seen, I did not think it would attract attention in its new surroundings.

I confided in no one save Mrs. Fosdyke, and of course Emily. The former smiled indulgently, and cheered me by saying that as soon as I could show her that I had earned a thousand dollars by my own work, my engagement to her daughter could be announced. The latter was in raptures of delight, and only hoped that I was not going to write one of those silly comedies, in which she said she could never see any fun. On this point I reassured her, and so the winter slipped away. By the end of February I had my play completed, and having read it over and over again in the privacy of my own rooms, had come to the conclusion that I had seen not a few worse, and not many better. When I had satisfied myself of this, I let Shackleford, to a certain degree, into my confidence. He was good-natured, if cynical, about it, and gave me some careful practical suggestions. By his advice I had it neatly copied by a type-writer. The play lay before me in its four neat little books, one to each act, and with the title imprinted on the terra-cotta-colored paper which formed the covers.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE:

A TALK OF THE SEA.

Melodrama in Four Acts.

I despatched it to Lawton, accompanied by a polite note which contained a reference to Shackleford's kind interest in my work.

The manuscript once out of my hands, I felt that my interest in life was gone. Luckily I could still see Emily, though about this time I became sensible of a degree of coldness on the part of her estimable mother which warned me that the sooner I complied with her conditions, the brighter would be my hopes of marrying her daughter. The weeks passed away, and I was beginning to worry at having heard nothing, when, on the 1st of April, I received a letter from Lawton asking me to call at his theatre at my earliest convenience.

As I read the words I seemed to have become a new being. When I opened the letter I was despondent, dyspeptic, and out of sorts generally; now I walked on air, and life had a brighter meaning for me. Of course I had but one conclusion to draw: Lawton had accepted my play, and wanted to arrange with me the terms of its production; and in a happy frame of mind I called that morning at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. In the box office I found a clerical-looking young man, to whom I handed my card, informing him that I had called by appointment with Mr. Lawton. The youth read my card attentively, honored its owner with a prolonged stare, and then seized a flexible rubber tube hanging near him, into which he snapped, in a jerky voice, "Young man here says he's 'pointment guv'nor." A pause, and with a snappy "All right" into the tube, he turned to me, and loftily said: "Mr. Lawton 'll see yer in a few minutes. Step upstairs. Door to the left, and turn to the right." At the head of the stairs I found a sort of antechamber, on the further side of which was a door marked "Private." At a desk in one corner sat a fat man smoking a cigar, and rapidly turning over the leaves of what my own experience had taught me must be the manuscript of a play. As I afterward learned, this was Mr. Dupont, the polyglot reader of plays, translator, and general literary man-of-all-work whom Lawton kept on the premises. "Is dees Mr. Garrington?" he asked, in an oily guttural voice, as I came in, and when I had admitted the soft impeachment, he said to an alert youth, whose presence I had not noticed, "Chon, gif the chentleman a chair," which John immediately proceeded to do. "Meester Lawton will zee you bresently," added the fat man, and went on with his reading, while John resumed his occupation of cutting slips from a pile of newspapers and sticking them, with much waste of both energy and paste, in a big book.

I had pictured to myself a reception altogether different and vastly more triumphant in its nature, and as I sat watching John pasting his slips, and the fat man contemptuously flicking over the leaves of the manuscript, I thought of what I had heard from time to time of Lawton's characteristics. His personal appearance I was already familiar with. A slight man, rather below the medium height, whose blond mustache veiled without wholly concealing the thin-lipped, resolute mouth; blue eyes which could become on occasion gray and steely; and fair hair brushed carefully back from a high white forehead. You would have taken him for almost anything, from a lounging man of the clubs to a Wall Street broker, rather than the keen, plucky, successful theatrical manager that he was. He conducted his theatre pretty much as a conservative bank president runs his bank, only to the ordinary shrewdness and regularity of the business man he added something else which had helped to make him the success he was. "He gets the value of his money every time," Shackleford used to say, "and he finances like a railroad king; but hang me if the little man hasn't as much artistic instinct as would supply ten respectable actors." For the rest, he was reputed to be keen to a degree in business matters, and a driver of hard bargains, though it was said that a case of real need never came under his notice without the unfortunate receiving something more than mere money—sympathy, namely, and kind words. Presently I heard a bell tinkle. The alert boy seemed to know what it meant. "This way, sir," he said to me, and opened the door marked private, beckoning me to enter.

At a broad desk, which stood at one end of the room in which I found myself, sat Lawton, writing, with his back to me. He turned his head, saw who it was, said, brusquely, "Ah, Mr. Carrington, how do you do? excuse me for one moment," and motioning me to a chair at his side, went on writing. "This is a bad beginning," thought I, "but perhaps he is saving time by drafting a rough contract for me to sign." For a minute or two there was a dead silence, only broken by the scratching of Lawton's pen. Then he suddenly stopped, shoved the paper aside, and turning to me with a quick movement, said, "Well, Mr. Carrington, what can I do for you?"

This stroke finally vanquished me, and what little self-possession I had left entirely deserted me. "You wrote that—that you wanted to see me," I stammered out.

"Ah! yes; so I did. What was it about, I wonder?" and he pondered for a moment.

"I sent you a play—" I was timidly beginning.

"Oh, of course. Please excuse me, Mr. Carrington, but I had forgotten for the moment. Well, I've read your play, Mr. Carrington," he went on, "though I seldom can find time even to glance at the plays which are sent me. I leave all that to Mr. Dupont out there. But I read yours, for I want to encourage just such men as you to write for the stage." This was better, and I thought it kind of Lawton, and told him so. "Of course it won't suit my theatre or my company," he blandly continued, and my spirits fell with a thump; "but there's good stuff in it, Mr. Carrington, though it's crude in parts—quite crude." I felt as if I wanted to murder Lawton, and perhaps I might have feloniously assaulted him had not the alert boy opened the door and piped out, "Mr. Wilkins is below, sir."

"Show him up," said Lawton; and turning to me, added, as though the discussion of my play were over and done with: "It's Wilkins, the comedian. A bright actor, and a rising one. Perhaps you know him? No? Well, I'll introduce him to you."

"But you were saying about my play?" I desperately broke in.

"Your play? Oh yes. I was saying— By-the-way, it might do for Wilkins."

I thought myself that Wilkins was the last man in the world to play a melodrama such as mine, but I did not say so, for the alert boy ushered in a clean-shaven young man, with strongly marked features, in whom I recognized the popular young comedian. "John," said Lawton, before he welcomed the new-comer, "ask Mr Dupont to roll up Mr. Carrington's play—what is its name?—oh yes, *The Light House*—and send it in to me. How de do, Wilkins? Let me introduce you to Mr. Carrington, a particular friend of mine, who has written a charming comedy."

I stared, but said nothing.

"One that would just suit you. Here it is"—as the boy entered with a neatly papered roll. "Take it with you, and I think you'll find it worth while to read it. Well, good-day, Mr. Carrington. Delighted to have met you. Wilkins will take good care of your play. Now Wilkins, my boy"—and before I knew it I was tramping down the winding stair-case, uncomfortably conscious that not only had Lawton rejected my play, but that it was now in the hands of a man I did not know, and had scarcely heard of.

A week later I received a letter dated "The Fold," the name of a popular theatrical club, and signed Henry Wilkins, which contained the unexpected information that the writer had read what he foolishly followed Lawton's lead in terming my comedy, and had been most favorably impressed with it. He was leaving town on the following day for a short tour through the Western States, and if I had no objection would like to carry my manuscript with him to read over at his leisure. He should take pleasure in meeting me personally and talking the play over, could I find time to call on him before his departure? The next morning unfortunately I had a long standing engagement to take Emily to the Academy on that very morning, and so I could not meet him, but I wrote, thanking him for his kindly opinion of my *melodrama* (which word I underlined), and begging him to keep it as long as he pleased. It must have been three weeks after this that a telegram was handed to me, which ran as follows:

"*Dated, Cheyenne, May, 3d.* *Paid 85 cents.*
"Received May 3d, 188–.

"*To Lawrence Carrington, Roundabout Club, East Eighteenth Street.*

"What are the lowest terms you will take for *Light House*. Royalty or absolute sale. Answer quick to Opera-house, Denver.

"HENRY WILKINS."

By Shackleford's advice I telegraphed Wilkins at Denver that he could have the play, mentioning the terms, which included a payment down of $500, provided he produced it before the following November. From Omaha I received an answer to this effect: "Terms accepted. Send contract, and I will sign and remit first payment." I was more than overjoyed; I was beside myself with delight, and when I showed this to Emily and explained the state of the case to her, showing her that it was only a question of months before her mother must consent to our formal engagement and speedy marriage, she threw aside all pretence of indifference and acknowledged that she loved me. "And, Larry dear," she said, after we had been discussing the situation silently but eloquently for a time, "I'm so glad it isn't a comedy, for that would put you on a level with that horrid Mr. Shackleford you once introduced me to."

My contract was duly drawn by a well-known ex-judge and theatrical lawyer, signed by myself, and sent on to Wilkins, who was now at St. Louis, for his signature. He returned it and a draft for $500 from Chicago, accompanied by a letter in which he told me of his plans. He had been asked to open the new Comedy Theatre in October, and had resolved to do it with my play, over which he waxed enthusiastic. He had but one change to suggest. Could I not give it a better name than *The Light House?* "for," he wrote, "I am afraid the general public will not catch on to the idea. It is too technical." I thought this was an absurd objection, as for the life of me I could see nothing technical in the name of such a well-known object as a light-house, or *Light House*, as Mr Wilkins seemed to prefer to write it. However, I wrote back, acknowledging the receipt of the $500, and suggesting *The Sailor's Vow*, as an alternative, for one of the leading incidents in my play was the oath taken by my principal character, a dashing young sailor. Wilkins answered me from Cincinnati, saying that the sailor had so unimportant a part that he thought the title proposed would hardly fit. I answered sharply that he might call it what he liked, so long as he produced it as per contract, and from Memphis, after a period of silence, he informed me that he had decided upon *A Muddled Manager*—a choice which caused me to marvel at the ways of actors, for there was no manager at all, much less a muddled one, in the play. However, I was worried about other matters at this time, and thought I could straighten out this and other matters when I saw Wilkins on his return to New York in July. As it happened, though, I never had this opportunity. Early in May the Fosdykes sailed for Europe, and naturally enough, seeing that I was literally half-engaged—for I had earned just half the sum named by her mother—to Emily, I went with them.

We had a pleasant month in London, were baked for three weeks in Paris, frizzled for a fortnight in Florence, and in Naples I had a touch of fever. So strong a hold did it take on me that when in September the party turned homeward it was clearly impossible for me to accompany them. Emily, I need scarcely say, wanted to stay and nurse me, but her mother would not hear of such a course, and though she evidently felt kindly disposed toward me, and was almost motherly in her attentions, she insisted on saying good-by to me at Trouville, whither we had gone for a breath of sea air, and there they left me.

I soon picked up my strength, and was able to turn my mind in the direction of my play A letter from Wilkins informed me that it was to be produced at the Comedy on the first Monday night in October, and that the chances of its success were promising. When I read this I made up my mind that at all risks I must be present at the first night of my play. I had calculated just time to reach New York on the Sunday before the opening of the Comedy Theatre, and my plan was to start without advising any one of my intentions, and surprise Emily and her family by quietly dropping in to tea on the Sunday night, as though I had walked over from my rooms as in days gone by. This plan I should have carried out to the letter had it not been for a fog. We were ploughing our way through the ocean on the eighth day of our voyage, anxiously watching for the first glimpse of land, when we were suddenly shut out from the sight of everything but the gray walls of impenetrable mist. So it was that I did not land until the afternoon of Monday, and, cross, tired, and cold, after the usual wrestle with the Custom-house officials I determined to go quietly to a hotel, and after a solitary dinner to slip quietly into the theatre, and learn my fate unobserved of any one.

I must confess that I felt horribly nervous as, my dinner over, but barely touched, I entered my cab and drove to the Comedy Theatre, a new house, which was now for the first time thrown open to the public. An unpleasant smell of damp mortar clung to the rather gaudily painted lobby as I came in, and I was conscious of a queer sense of incompleteness and newness as I passed the ticket-taker, and went up a staircase the steps of which were still specked with drops of plaster only partially concealed by a carpet crookedly put down. The hand-rail of polished wood was sticky as I touched it, and I was shown to my seat by an usher who seemed as much in the dark as I concerning its whereabouts.

The first sight of the programme nearly paralyzed me. Not only had that idiotic ass Wilkins changed the name of my piece, not only did he persist in calling it a comedy, but he had altered the name of every character in it except one, and that one was merely "Smith, a servant." His own character's original name was Owen Marchmont, picturesque, as I thought, and in a way characteristic. This he had vulgarized into Simon Potts. Potts—Simon Potts—as the name of a dashing young sailor lad! As I raised my eyes from the programme they fell on my Emily, sitting in a stage box and gazing at the curtain with parted lips and an eager look in her eyes. Then the overture came to an end, the curtain rose, and a storm of applause burst from the house. What could it mean? Instead of the simple interior of a fisher's hut, which formed my first scene, here was a lady's boudoir, so exquisitely painted and so sumptuously furnished that no wonder the people clapped, and I could see a flush of pleasure mount to Emily's cheek. The play began, but I was bewildered. That was not my dialogue; those were not my characters. Was I dreaming? No, there was my name on the programme in big letters, "Lawrence Carrington, Esq." And there I sat and wondered. Soon there was a laugh—another; and I felt myself interested in the bright and witty dialogue that was going on between a clever young widow and a good-looking young man, in whom I recognized Harry Brent, the well-known light comedian. Then came a roar of laughter, in which, despite myself, I had to join, as Wilkins exploded, as it were, on the stage, made up as a barefaced caricature of old Molesworth, the theatrical manager, who was evidently well known to nearly every soul in the house. It was awfully funny, and I laughed until I cried; but it wasn't my play. As I thought this I became serious again. Every one around me was shrieking with laughter at Wilkins, but I sat glum and moody. Could it be a practical joke? No. I had Wilkins's $500 to disprove that. Was it some mistake? That must be it. I had in some way or another palmed off another man's play on Wilkins, but then there were his letters referring to my title. What did it all mean? What would Emily think, who had prayed me never to write a comedy? I stole a look at her as this occurred to me, and saw her with her face buried in her handkerchief. She was weeping over my deception. Wretched man that I was! Let me look once more at that painful exhibition of girlish grief. Great Heaven! She had raised her head, and though in the general roar I could not hear, I could see the peals of laughter issuing from between her pearly teeth. Could my play have made her cry as this other man's had made her laugh? But it was my play. There was my name. And so, one minute in despair and the next in raptures of delight, now groaning in agony, now roaring with laughter at Wilkins's absurdities, I could bear it no longer. I rushed out of the theatre and into the street, hailed the first cab I saw. I was driven to my hotel, and an hour or two later was on the Western express speeding toward Chicago, the first place that came into my mind as a city of refuge. I was careful, though, to write Emily, telling her that I had been forced to pass the night in New York without pausing, to visit an uncle who was dying, but that I would return shortly. I wrote to Wilkins also to the same effect. But in neither letter did I refer to the accursed play. Then I made up my mind to return to New York, and make a clean breast of it to Wilkins. I reached my rooms one forenoon, and found my letter-box nearly choked up with the accumulation of letters and packages, to the task of reading which I valiantly set myself. Among the usual collection of bills and circulars were three communications of importance. First, a note from Emily, mildly reproachful at the lack of detail in my letter from Chicago, but lovingly enthusiastic over my play; secondly, a letter from Mrs. Fosdyke, hoping my return to New York would not be long delayed, as there was now nothing to stand between her daughter and myself, and thirdly, a letter from Lawton, which, as it was to me the most important of the four, I shall give in full:

"MY DEAR MR. CARRINGTON" (he wrote),—"Allow me in the first place to congratulate you on having given to our stage a work of such rich and genuine humor as the comedy I saw last evening. I hope you will come and see me at your early convenience, as I have a business proposition to make to you; but of this I will speak when I see you. By some foolish blunder a play submitted by you to me some months ago was sent in place of a rejected manuscript to poor Forbes, whom you remember as a consistently unsuccessful dramatist. The unfortunate fellow passed away a month ago, and the boarding-house keeper in whose attic he died luckily returned the manuscript to the expressman rather than pay the charges. I by chance opened it when it came back, and seeing your name on it, have kept it here, though I have not yet found time to read it. It is called *The Light-House*, and Mr. Dupont tells me that the regrettable mistake probably arose from the fact that Forbes had sent us a dreary comedy with a title somewhat similar. It was a theatrical idea, and he called it *The Light House*. I hope I have made it clear how the whole thing happened, and that you will show your forgiveness of my apparent neglect by coming to see me soon.

Yours very truly,
"LOUIS LAWTON."

He had indeed made it clear, and I would certainly go to see him. Poor Forbes was undoubtedly the author of my play. It had been handed to me that memorable morning in Lawton's office, and the wily manager, in order to get rid of me, had at a venture called it a comedy, for he had evidently read neither mine nor Forbes's, and passed it on to Wilkins as one directs an importunate beggar to call on one's next-door neighbor.

Months afterward, when Emily and I were married, and, our honeymoon over, we had settled down as quiet married folks, I arranged with Lawton to produce, at my expense and at a "play-wrights' matinee," a posthumous work by poor old Forbes. It was a melodrama entitled *The Light-House*, and though it was never subsequently seen on the stage, I had the satisfaction of reading in the papers next morning elaborate criticisms lamenting that such a play, "brimful of moral purpose," as Peebles phrased it, had not been produced in the lifetime of the author. "We would recommend," said Peebles, the dramatic critic—and in view of the many suppers he had shared with me, I thought the cut unkind—"young authors such as Mr. Carrington, who lately presented us with the popular but pernicious trash of *A Muddled Manager*, to study the methods of so thorough a master of his craft as the late Benjamin Forbes. Mr. Carrington would learn, should he do so, that the writing of a good play demands higher qualities of mind and a more thorough knowledge of stage requirements than at present he possesses." Even my wife admitted, unconscious of the balm she poured into my wounded soul, that she would rather I had written the melodrama than the comedy. The profits of the latter, which despite its initial success ran for a month only, I sent anonymously to a theatrical charitable institution. I have not yet written another play.

THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

EMPEROR WILLIAM was buried on Friday, March 16th. The funeral procession, from the Protestant Cathedral in Berlin, along the whole length of the avenue Unter den Linden, and so to the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, in the environs, furnishing the occasion for every display of solemn pomp and splendor that an artistic and military capital could supply. Events of this nature come rarely. Russia was the last nation to lose her sovereign, but Europe did not throng to his funeral; and the death of VICTOR EMMANUEL in Italy did not attract the attention of the world. But the altogether exceptional case of Emperor WILLIAM, his great age, the glory of his reign, the deep sympathy felt with his family affliction, all helped to fill Berlin with the movable population of all the great cities, and the "parquet full of kings" that once assembled in Paris might have been repeated in the dead Emperor's capital.

Upon the Emperor's death his body had been embalmed in the palace where he died, and thence was taken to the Cathedral and placed on a catafalque, where it lay in state until the night before the funeral, and was visited and viewed by all the people. In the same Cathedral the funeral service was celebrated at noon in the presence of representatives of every royal family in Europe and every government in Christendom, with a background of innumerable princes, officers of state, and notabilities of every shade. Dr. KOEGEL, the Emperor's own chaplain and friend, performed the service, and delivered an eloquent oration, and then the old Kaiser's body was borne out. As it emerged from the church, infantry, posted near, fired by companies forty funeral volleys, their last salute to the head of the enormous army of which they were part, and to that "noise of the mourning of a mighty nation" he was placed on the funeral car.

Unter den Linden, the great avenue of Berlin, down which the procession moved, is a road, a promenade, and a drive, the parts being separated by lines of linden-trees, with houses and shops at either side for nearly the whole length. From the Dom, at one end, to the Brandenburger Thor, at the other, this avenue was decorated on one uniform plan of lines of obelisks at either side, all connected by sombre hangings of black cloth, each obelisk capped with a metal urn. At the Friedrichstrasse, near the middle of the line, there was erected a triumphal arch, which, with the Brandenburger Thor at the end, made a symmetrical variation in the plan. The only other variation was that the boats in the canal near the Schloss were rigged with black sails. All the roadway was strewn with cuttings of ever-green twigs. In this avenue, many had remained all night, warming themselves at the fires lighted for the comfort of the workmen preparing the decorations, so that when the scaffolds were knocked away in the forenoon the street was already full. But the windows and platforms built for affording a superior view were less crowded, because persons who had purchased the right to seats, and had not occupied them four hours before the procession moved, were unable to reach them. At 8 A.M. the police occupied all streets approaching the great avenue at the junction of the parallel streets on either side, and stopped all approach to it. The object of this was to limit at some point the throng on the avenue, with a view to prevent the calamity of crushing people to death in the crowd—a thing that usually happens on occasions of this nature.

Down this great avenue moved, to the music of the "Dead March," played in turns by the various military bands, or to the beat of the muffled drums, the grave cortége escorting the Emperor for the last time along the route he loved so well in his lifetime. Few persons can have passed any time in Berlin and not have seen the cheery old Emperor driven swiftly along this road in his drosky, and the remembrance of that familiar sight made this occasion more solemn to all. First came the Hussars of the Guard, then the Dragoons, the Uhlans, and the Cuirassiers; and behind these the infantry battalions—all moving at a slow march. Every regiment in the neighboring garrisons had a detachment in this duty.

The funeral car, drawn by eight black horses, was very simple yet very fine. It was a platform on wheels, and was draped with satin in black and white. On the platform, a pedestal in the middle, the size of the coffin, sustained the coffin, which was covered by a pall of crimson velvet. The coffin was thus borne at such a height that it could be seen by the people behind over the heads of those in front. Upon it was a knight's helmet and a field-marshal's staff. Over all was a baldachin, or canopy, of black satin, the visible edge of which was gold, and draped in heavy festoons between the uprights by which it was sustained. The horses were covered with silken palls, and bore heavy black plumes; twenty-four generals marched as guards of honor and pall-bearers; and the Emperor's horse, with boots in the stirrups, came immediately behind the coffin.

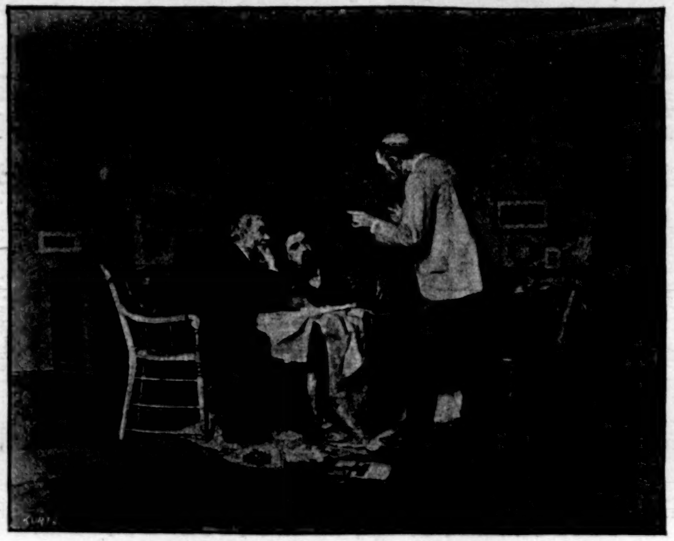
An unusual element in the funeral decoration, observed only as the line moved, was the yellow flame combined with the crape all along the line of the avenue, at the porch of the Cathedral, and around the square in front of it. All pillars were capped with metal urns, and these were filled with a compound of resinous substances which burned tenaciously, and gave forth a heavy yellow flame with much dense smoke; and these, burning like so many solemn torches of a death angel, and not with the cheery effect of an ordinary blaze, gave a weird, lugubrious effect to the scene. Through the Brandenburg Gate and into the Thiergarten, and by the route to the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, the cortége passed, and so went out from his capital city the first of the German Emperors.

"A BREEZY DAY."—By C. C. Curran.

"A WINTER MORNING IN THE CATSKILLS."—By Du Bois F. Hasbrouck.

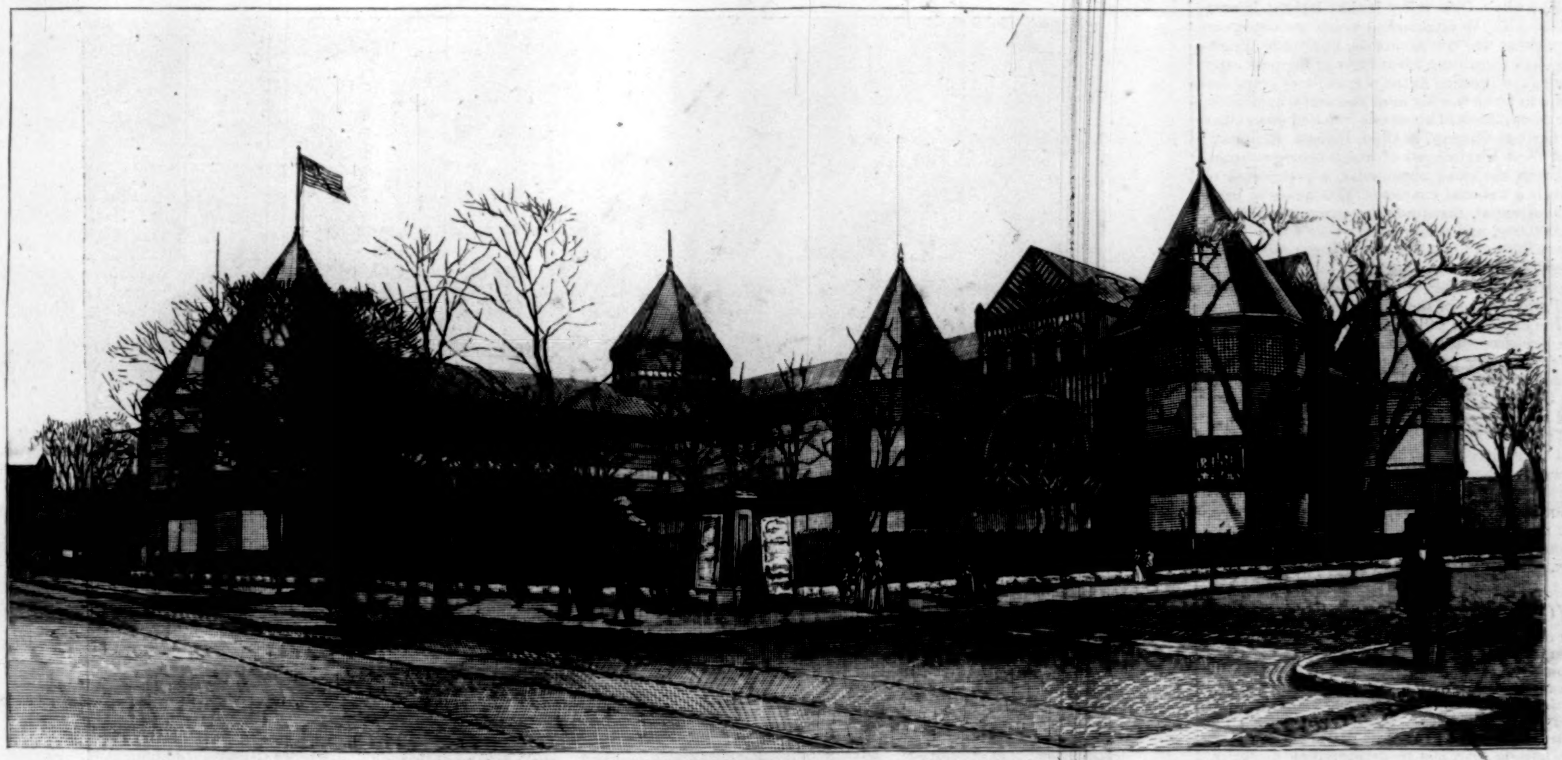
"EIGHT BELLS—MID-DAY OBSERVATION."—By Winslow Homer.

"VENETIAN BEAD STRINGERS."—By Robert Blum.


"APPRAISEMENT."—By Louis Moeller.

"CHARGING AN EARTHWORK."—By Gilbert Gaul.

PICTURES FROM THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From C. M. Kurtz's "Illustrated National Academy Notes."—[See Page 250.]



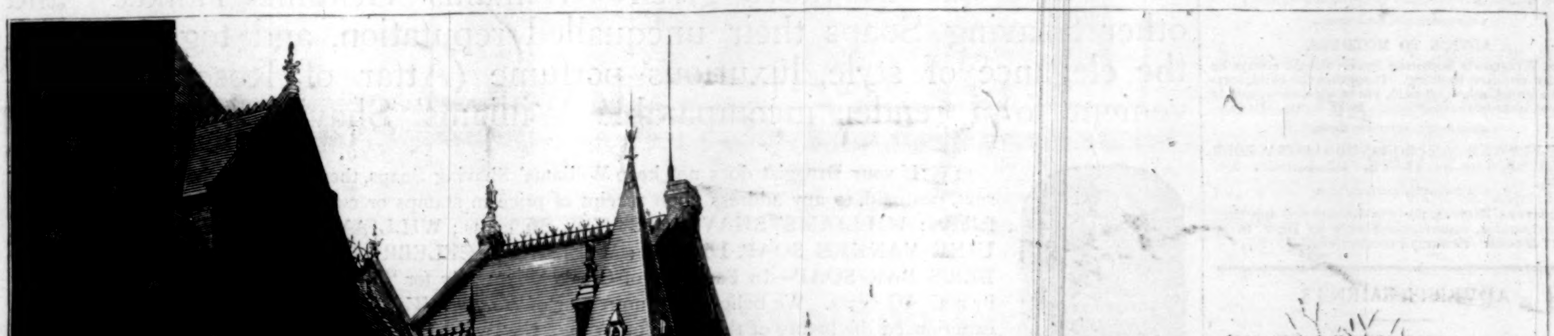
GENERAL VIEW FROM SOUTHWEST CORNER OF TWELFTH AND ELM STREETS.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

Expositions are indigenous to the soil of Cincinnati, where for years they have flourished, each one, like the vernal shoots of the plantain-tree, springing up from the parent stem with a freshness and vigor that promise to surpass all predecessors. The commercial centre of the Ohio Valley claims, in fact, to have set the fashion in such events, and to have furnished the idea as well as the Director-General of the Philadelphia Centennial.

This year Cincinnati will also have a Centennial Exposition, to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of several important events, among them the settlement of Ohio. Away back in March, 1786, the Ohio Company was formed in Boston, its members being persons entitled to military lands. The same year Fort Harmer was built, at the mouth of the Muskingum, by Major Doughty, and on April 7, 1787, the first colony was started at Marietta. Toward the latter part of the following year a boat-load of pioneers came to Losantiville (Cincinnati) from Limestone, now known as Maysville, Kentucky, and so the foundation of the present great city was laid.

A little more than one hundred years ago Kentucky was beginning to be settled, and the 15th of next July will mark the centennial of the proclamation of the ordinance of '87 which made the Northwest a free Territory. The events looking to the acquirement of this Territory were of national importance, and form an interesting part of the history of our country. Although by the Treaty of Paris, dated February, 1768, Great Britain relinquished the country east of the Mississippi, not till September 3, 1783, did it come into possession of the United States, and then it remained patented to Virginia and Connecticut. These States ceded their rights—the first in March, 1784, and the second in May, 1786—and then, on July 13, 1787, Congress passed an ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory. The election of General Arthur St. Clair as Governor followed the same year, and early in 1788 a court was appointed, and the rest of the machinery of the Territorial government was set in motion.



BRIDGE VIEW SHOWING MUSIC HALL FROM PARK BUILDING.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION BUILDING TO BE OPENED AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON JULY 4, 1888.—From Photographs by Landy.

The whole Ohio valley is thus intimately associated with the occurrences which the Cincinnati exposition will commemorate, and while Cincinnati will use all the advantages of her past experience and prestige as the originator of grand displays to make this her most successful exhibition, the co-operation of about one hundred other cities in her constituency, in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia, all of which belong substantially to the same community, are expected to give it a national character. Its financial basis is substantial, there being a guarantee fund of $1,000,000, and the buildings that are to house the various exhibits will cover about twenty-three acres of ground. Among these is the permanent exposition building, erected several years ago, and already one of the features of the city.

The exposition will open on the Fourth of July, the presence of President CLEVELAND and his wife and other prominent personages being expected to give it especial *éclat*, and remain open till October 27th, a period of one hundred days and nights.

The opening celebration of the centennial year will take place at Marietta, April 7th, the anniversary of the day on which the pioneers landed at the mouth of the Muskingum in 1788. Governor FORAKER will deliver an address of welcome, and among the other speakers are to be ex-President HAYES, Senator HOAR, and Senator SHERMAN.

YOU CAN'T MAKE A SAMSON

Out of an attenuated dude, with meagre legs, pigeon chest, and a slight cough. But a man or woman to whom constitutional vigor has been denied, can get it to a very considerable extent by the persistent use, in regularly proportioned, alternated doses, of America's chief tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To the nerves and muscles of the stomach that genial invigorant imparts tone, and to its operations regularity. The proximate result is thorough digestion and complete assimilation of the food, and the ultimate sequence, blood fertile with the elements of muscular tissue, a healthy appetite, nightly rest unimpaired, and a disappearance of the nervous symptoms to which etiolated invalids are always subject, and which they are very prone to take for the manifestations of serious organic disease, and dose accordingly. In diseases of the kidneys and bladder, always excessively weakening, and for constipation, fever and ague, and liver complaint, use the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Of Pure Cod-Liver Oil,
EXTRACT OF MALT,
and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
(LIME AND SODA).

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR Pulmonary Diseases, Coughs, Colds, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and General Debility. Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Thousands of Physicians use it and say it is THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Mfrs.,
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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

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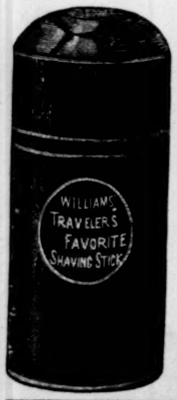
1st. It should yield a rich, creamy, copious lather.

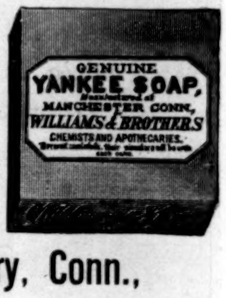
2d. The lather should long retain its moisture and thoroughly soften the beard.

3d. Its effect on the skin should be cooling, soothing, and refreshing.

These qualities have given "Williams' Genuine Yankee" and other Shaving Soaps their unequalled reputation, and together with the elegance of style, luxurious perfume (Attar of Rose), and convenient form render incomparable Williams' Shaving Stick.

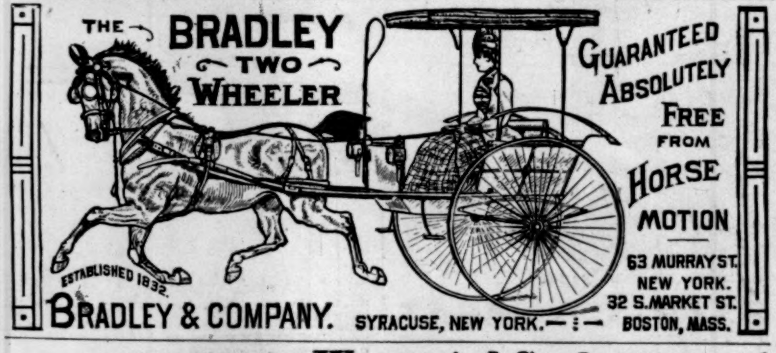


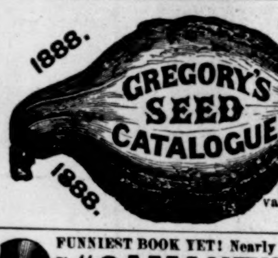
☞ If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps, they will be sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cents; WILLIAMS' GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, 15 cents; WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBER'S BAR SOAP—In Packages of 6 cakes, expressly for TOILET use, by mail 40 cents. We believe that no reader of *Harper's Weekly* having once experienced the luxury of this soap for TOILET USE, will be willing to be without it. Its Purity, Delicate Perfume, and Delightful Emollient Properties render it invaluable for the TOILET, BATH, or NURSERY.



THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.,
Manufacturers of Fine Shaving Soaps.
(*Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester.*) *Established* 1840.

[Gentlemen who are shaved by their barbers will greatly add to their comfort and safety by seeing that their cups are always supplied with WILLIAMS' SOAPS.]





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JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

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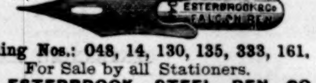

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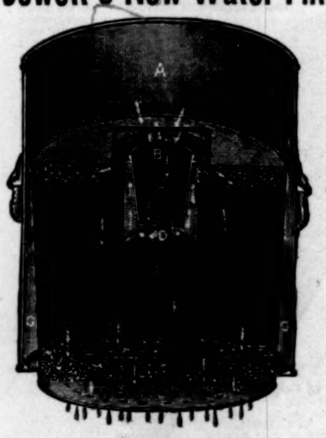

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MIKE. "*Did*, I guiss."

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NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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"Her figure, Jack! Lithe and graceful, and, sir, did you ever get a good look into those fathomless eyes of hers? Yes? Well, you are braver than I am! I am honestly afraid to look into their dark depths; and such perfectly white teeth!"

"I suppose you know how she came by them?"

"Nature endowed her with them, of course."

"There's where you are wrong, my dear fellow!"

"You don't mean—you would not insinuate that—"

"Oh, no, sir; they are not store teeth."

"Then what do you mean?"

"They are simply polished."

"Polished! How is that done—with a woollen rag and some sort of paste and powder?"

"Simply with a little brush—the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher."

"By George! Do you know I *wondered*—"

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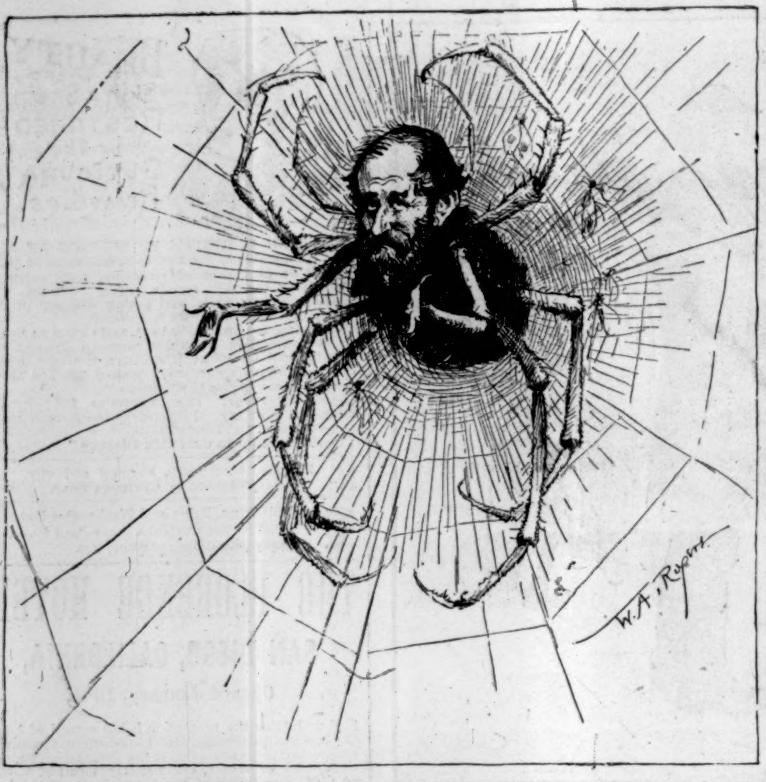

THE SPIDER'S PROTEST AGAINST THE INCONSIDERATE FLY.

"He walked into my parlor,"
Said the Spider of a Fly,
"Accusing me of cooking
His clients in a pie,
And demanding an indemnity
Preposterously high."

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W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

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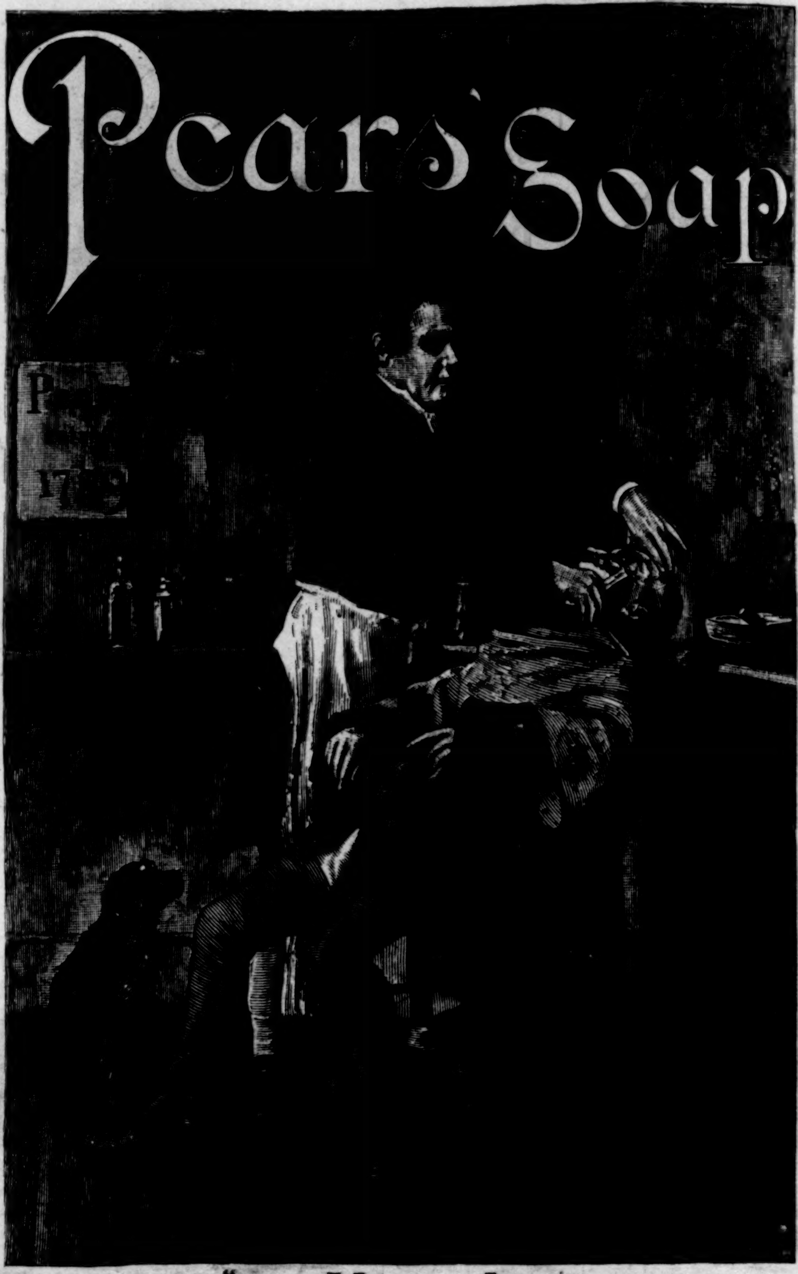
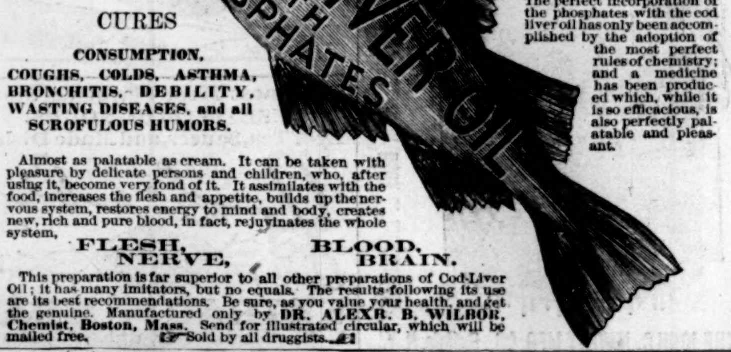


"100 YEARS AGO."

PEARS' SOAP in use 100 years ago and still the best to-day



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COMPOUND OF

Pure Cod Liver Oil And Phosphates

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It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way, over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities, it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry; and a medicine has been produced which, while it is so efficacious, is also perfectly palatable and pleasant.

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This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod-Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by **DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass.** Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free. ☞ Sold by all druggists.

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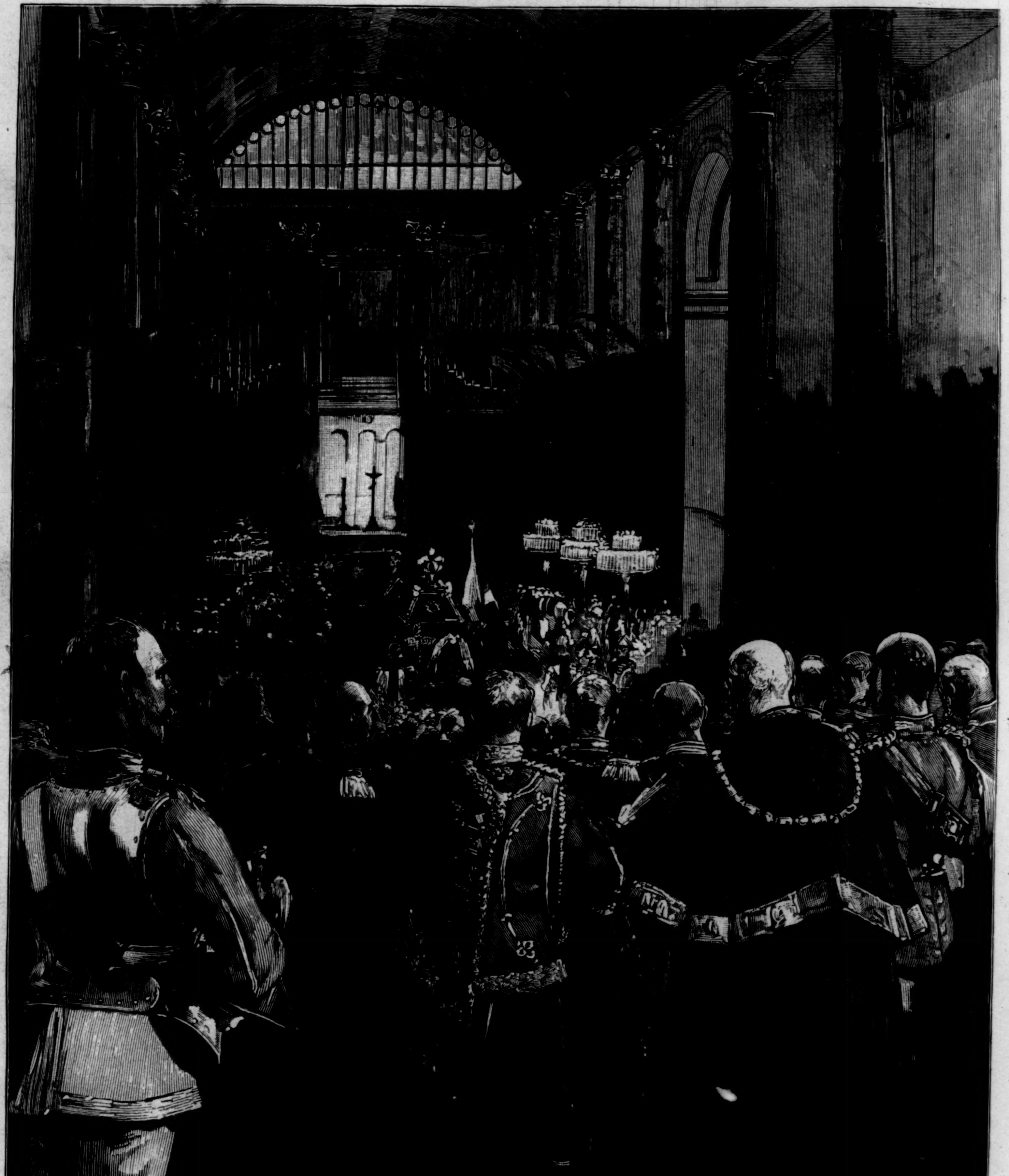
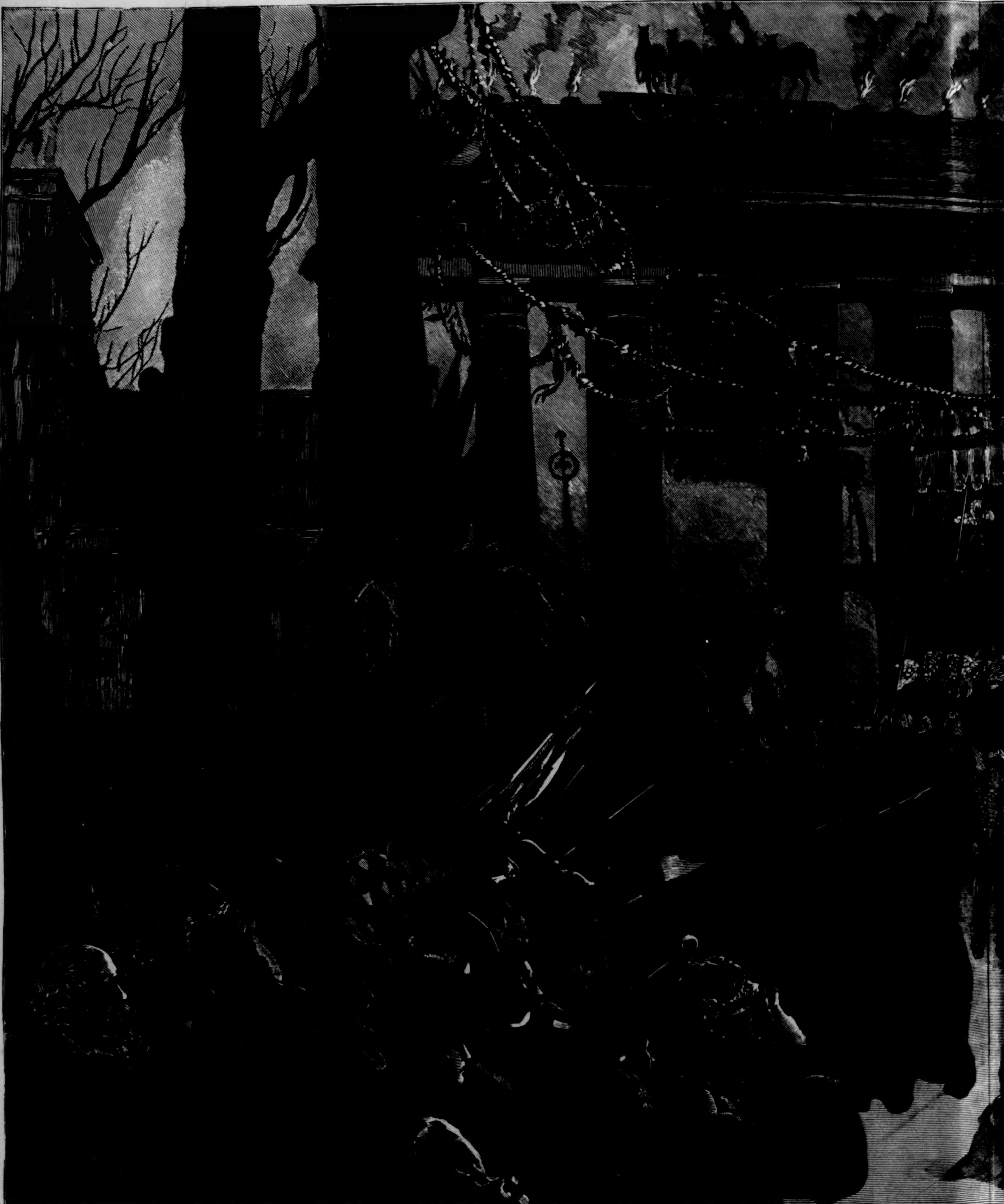
THE IMPERIAL FUNERAL PAGEANT AT BERLIN.

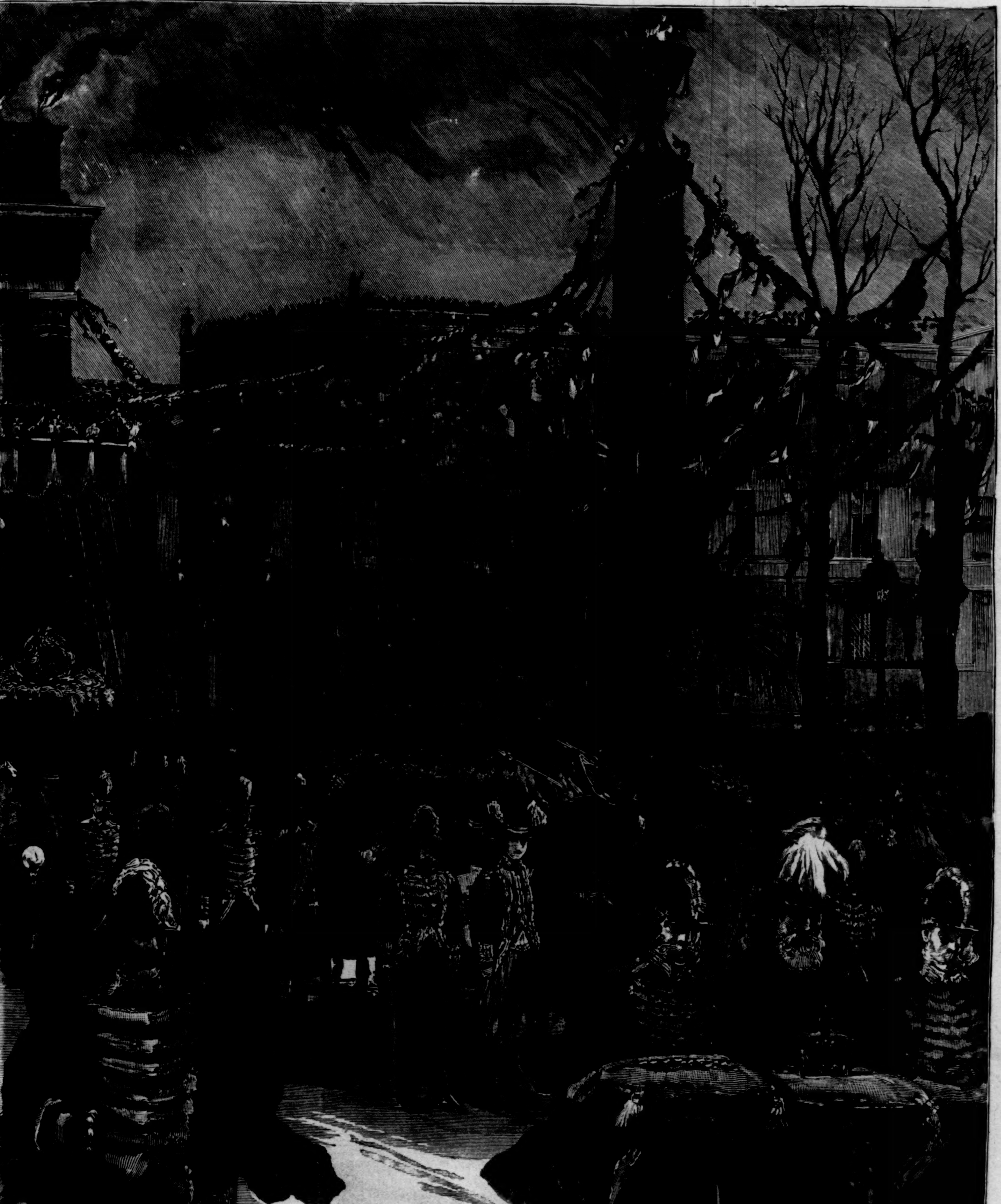
SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, APRIL 7, 1888.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM—THE SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM LEAVING BERLIN FOR THE LAST TIME—THE FUNERA



AL PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE BRANDENBURG GATE.—[SEE PAGE 251.]